EMORY JUNIOR COLLEGE
LIBRARY
SEP 3

OUTLOOK and Independent

932

Jobs—for Men Only?

Shall We Send Women Workers Home?

By EDNA C. MCKNIGHT

Critics' Holiday

By N. L. ROTHMAN

Politics and the Mooney Case

By MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD

Penniless Lady Immigrants

By ELSE TORGE DOUGALL

Trend of the Week

Editorial Comment

New Books
Music
Sports

Business
Backstage in Washington

Latest Plays
Finance
New Movies

September 2nd

FIFTEEN CENTS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOOCHOW, CHINA

Courtesy of The Dollar Line

Up the Grand Canal from Shanghai lies the rich and prosperous city of Soochow, whose canals are so numerous that inevitably it has been likened to that other city of canals half the world away from it, Venice. Foreigners who live in Shanghai make Taihi Lake an excursion point, using Soochow Creek as the main thoroughfare for their houseboats. Life here has long been noted for its gaiety and elegance, and those traveling on the Shanghai-Nanking Railway en route to Peking might well break their journey at Soochow, for this is a fine example of a real Chinese city—out of a population of over half a million only two hundred are foreigners.

••

The many facets of the Oriental scene are made temptingly accessible to you this year by the special round-trip rates being offered by various steamship lines. The Outlook Travel Bureau will be glad to help you make your vacation plans whether your destination be near or far. There is no charge for the service. Address Mrs. Kirkland, director, Outlook Travel Bureau, 120 East 16th Street, New York City.

OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU - NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUTLOOK
and Independent

VOL. 159—No. 1

SEPTEMBER 2, 1931

"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—Theodore Roosevelt

WITH OUR READERS

It Will Be All Right in Ten Years

To the Editor: *Wayland, Ky.*

SIR—In the August 12, 1931, issue of the OUTLOOK appears a cartoon which should surely win a prize as the best cartoon condemning prohibition which has appeared to date in any publication. Of course I have not examined all of the magazines which carry such cartoons, but surely no picture could exceed this one in portraying the evils of prohibition. I refer to the cartoon entitled, "But It'll Be All Right in Ten Years." The seriousness of this pictorial sketch and the pathos involved in it make one hesitate to call it a cartoon. It is much more than that.

In the same issue, and on page 457, appears an editorial entitled, "Let's Use Common Sense." Surely every one who is one step removed from imbecility will commend this editorial, and I take this opportunity to convey to you my hearty congratulations. Prohibition was presumably and primarily to be a saving grace to the contemporary generation and their posterity, but when it reaches the point where we sacrifice the very lives of our children in order to uphold such a fanatical and ridiculous law, then it is time that such a law be revoked, regardless of any glaring obstacles and technicalities inhibiting its abrogation. Human lives are at stake. A necessity has arisen, and necessity knows no rules.

Your entire issue, referred to above, is a splendid one in every way. I am a regular reader of the OUTLOOK and would find it difficult indeed to get along without it.

ROY P. HUDSON.

Another Viewpoint

To the Editor: *River Falls, Wisc.*

SIR—I have read the OUTLOOK for over forty years and at present it is not my intention to discontinue my subscription because I do not agree with all its policies. My viewpoints and beliefs have changed not a little since I commenced to read the *Christian Union* so long ago, but I still reverence the Christian religion, and I am impelled to register a protest against the spirit of the cartoon which appeared in the issue of August 12 anent the shooting of some children by gangsters in New York. If the caricature is an attempt to portray a type it is as detestable a misrepresentation of Sinclair Lewis's *Elmer Gantry*. Unfortunately there are and always have been unworthy men in the pulpits of Christian churches, but the OUTLOOK as a benefactor of humanity is still considerably behind the Church in achievement.

ADA THRUSH.

It Will Be All Right in Fifty Years

To the Editor: *Slaterville Springs, N. Y.*

SIR—I have always admired the OUTLOOK. Your clear recounting of current events makes it easy for a busy woman to keep up on things. Your Creighton Peet is a magnificent movie critic—his page is always charmingly written. But your attitude on prohibition bewilders me entirely.

Of course legalizing beer would give employment to many and turn money into the public treasury. The legalization of any vice would do the same.

That seems to me to be a brainless, rotten argument. Your "proper restriction against the return of the saloon" is really dumb (pardon the coarse language). The liquor interests have *never* kept within the law, and they never will. There has always been bootlegging—before prohibition as well as after. In the old days saloons fought against even Sunday closing and did a flourishing business with the curtains drawn down. Places where drink is sold are saloons and nothing else.

Of course it is a stiff fight and will be for fifty or one hundred years. We have always had drinking—can it be wiped out in twelve years? Many felt about slavery as you do about drinking, but that did not make it right. Why don't you use your oratorical energy against child labor, that hideous blot on our "civilization"—something that really matters?

HAZEL ROOT BRILL.

Western Wheat

To the Editor: *Omaha*

SIR—From my viewpoint through the present active management of over 700 Iowa and Nebraska farms I wish to congratulate you most sincerely on the splendidly written and healthfully constructive article by Wheeler McMillen, "The Passing of King Wheat," in your June 10 issue. I wish more people and publishers might be capable of weighing agricultural facts as accurately as you and Mr. McMillen and disseminating them as readably.

C. J. CLAASSEN.

Hoover's Chances of Reelection

To the Editor: *Red Bank, N. J.*

SIR—The letter in the OUTLOOK of August 12 by A. F. C. entitled, "Backstage in Washington," is remarkable for its errors of judgment.

He says that Mr. Hoover is personally disliked by men who are leaders in politics, such as Hillies, Atterbury, Moses, Watson and Curtis. All of these men are friends of the President and favor his renomination. Of course there are renegade Republicans, as Brookhart and Norris, who oppose the President, but it is well that they do, for their influence is negative and their support a boomerang that is doing the President more harm than good. A. F. C. thinks that "Mr. Hoover is headed straight for defeat." What an awakening he, as well as you gentlemen of the OUTLOOK, are to have.

Who will defeat the President? The Democratic nominee will be a wet and a friend of Tammany Hall; no doubt of that. If Governor Smith with all his popularity could not carry New York against Hoover, what chance has a lesser star in the political sky in that state?

Second, in the southern states the President is more popular today than ever. At the election in 1928, Virginia, Texas, Florida, North Carolina and Tennessee went for Hoover against a wet and a Tammany man, and a Democrat. Why won't they do it again? Today the churches of the South are organizing as they did in 1928, for defeat of you "unholy rummies."

Why the OUTLOOK devotes so much of its space to the disparagement of our "Greatest President since Lincoln," and so recognized by the intelligent element of the country, and also one who will be renominated and elected to the delight of the country at large in 1932, can be explained only by the fact that your malice to the President has so prejudiced you that you can neither see nor think straight.

J. P. APPLEGATE.

COMMENT

Cartoon by *Cesare* 2
Trend of the Week 3
Unfair, Incorrect and Demagogic 9
An Answer to Professor Millikan
Backstage in Washington 10

ARTICLES

Politics and the Mooney Case 11
Miriam Allen de Ford

Jobs—for Men Only? 12
Shall We Send Women Workers Home?
Edna C. McKnight

Penniless Lady Immigrants 14
Else Torge Dougall

Critics' Holiday 16
N. L. Rothman

REGULAR FEATURES

Sports 19
Business 20
Movies 21
Theatre 22
Ivory, Apes and Peacocks 23
Books 24
Music 28
From the Life 28

Next Week

Roosevelt the Favorite for '32.

OUTLOOK'S poll of the nation's outstanding editors reveals New York's Governor far in the lead for the Democratic Presidential nomination. Results of the poll next week.

Brood of Folly

By Miriam Allen de Ford

"There are no illegitimate children—only illegitimate parents." An article on the lightening of a traditional social stigma, by a writer whose studies have made her an authority.

Cruises to Nowhere

By Henry F. Pringle

"Revenues or bust," said the big steamship companies when the depression cut travel to Europe—and the revenues came from a new idea in shipping, the rambling cruise to nowhere in particular, just an ocean ride.

THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, September 2, 1931. Volume 159. Number 1. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Ed.-Pub. Pres. Francis Rufus Bellamy; Vice-Pres. Marshall Kernochan, Harrison B. Freeman; Treas. Rodman Gilder; Sec'y William T. Adee. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union $6.56. Entered as second-class matter July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1931, by the Outlook Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"WHERE THERE IS NO VISION, THE PEOPLE PERISH"

Proverbs 29:18

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUTLOOK
and Independent

▸▸ Trend of the Week ◂◂

▸▸*Ford's Latest*

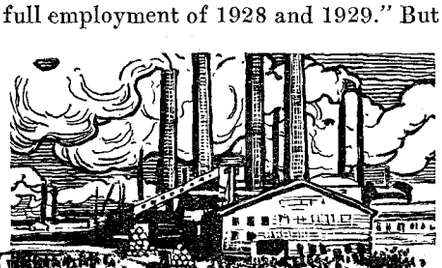
STRANGE utterances have come from Henry Ford before this, but none stranger than his declaration that married men employed in the Iron Mountain plant in Michigan must start vegetable gardens or lose their jobs. "The man too lazy to work in a garden during his leisure time does not deserve a job," says Mr. Ford. The company will supply advice by farm experts and even land, should an employee not own or rent enough to furnish produce for his family. Mr. Ford offers this idea as a substitute for unemployment insurance and as sure death to plans for a dole.

Pass over his gross violation of the theory that an employee's leisure hours are his own. Consider only the absurdity of his plan as a cure for anything. Will Mr. Ford give a full-time job to every one of his employees who starts a garden? Or are they to trade their cabbages for coupés and their onions for overcoats? Here is the country groaning beneath an over-supply of farm products and Mr. Ford calmly suggesting additions to it. Here are farmers searching for markets and Mr. Ford suggesting that their markets be reduced. Here is the champion of specialization coming out against it. Here is as silly a suggestion as the depression has yet produced.

▸▸*New Men—Old Plan*

"A NEW personnel but the same old program" summarizes the latest Hoover relief move. The old Emergency Committee for Employment, headed by Colonel Arthur Woods, disappears. It is superseded by a new emergency committee for employment, headed by President Gifford of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and boasting such Big Names as George Eastman, Bernard Baruch, William Green, Alex Legge and Silas Strawn. Evidently, however, the new committee is to work along the old inadequate lines of last winter. It will be chiefly concerned with coördinating the work of state and local relief agencies—with the sort of thing that Mr. Hoover calls "organizing coöperation in the constructive forces of the community" and "stimulating every element of initiative and self-reliance in the country." Which sounds very impressive and amounts to very little.

Mr. Hoover believes that the success of his relief policy last winter was clearly demonstrated. Moreover, he attempts to prove it with the yardstick of public health figures. Believing that people's health declines with their resources, he recently asked Surgeon General Cumming of the Public Health Service how healthy we were last winter, learned that we were good and healthy and therefore concluded that the relief work had been a great success. Unfortunately, Dr. Cumming's reply proves too much, showing, in Mr. Hoover's words, that "the general mortality, the infant mortality, the sickness in the country, was less in the winter of 1931 than in the winters of full employment of 1928 and 1929." But if, as Mr. Hoover holds, people's resources determine their health, and if they were healthier last winter than two winters before, it follows that their resources were greater in the winter of 1931 than they were in the winter of 1929, which is nonsensical. Mr. Hoover's yardstick is misleading and useless.



No, the Hoover relief policy did not solve the problem last winter and will not solve the problem this coming winter if the new committeemen adhere to it. Fortunately they do not need to. There are some things they can do which would go far beyond it. For one thing, they can recommend the re-legalization of brewing, which, besides stimulating other industries, would directly absorb great quantities of labor and provide vast markets for goods. No doubt this recommendation would distress Mr. Hoover, but nevertheless the committeemen should make it. Their obligation to their crisis-ridden country is far greater than their obligation to the man who appointed them.

▸▸*Explaining It*

SOME of our readers may wish to know in detail exactly what the Hoover relief policy is. It is a fair question, but not an easy one to answer. As we understand it, however, Mr. Hoover wants the government to spend a lot of money so as to increase employment on public works but to economize so as to keep down expenses. He wants, above all, to save us from doles and to coördinate the efforts of communities which are providing doles through their public agencies; that is, he apparently favors local doles and opposes federal doles, though he doesn't say this in so many words.

EMORY JUNIOR COLLEGE
LIBRARY
DEC 5 1932
2295
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The job of providing relief, he believes, should be left to the public and private agencies of states and communi-

ties, but he is warm in his praise of the federal employment service. He likes to permit economic forces to have free play but interferes to prevent them from playing too rough in Germany and from lowering wages in the United States. He is hot against federal subsidies for industrial workers but equally hot for federal subsidies for farmers. He is all for rugged individualism, individual initiative, individual enterprise and individual responsibility, but not when they relate to prohibition or the tariff. He is inclined to play down the depression day by day—"irrespective of the improvement in employment," he wrote in his August 17 letter to Mr. Gifford—but he plays it up in an occasional address—"the greatest crisis the world has ever known," he called it in his Indianapolis address on June 15. He starts with the assumption—see his 1928 campaign speeches—that the Republican party can produce prosperity, but he doesn't consider the party responsible for failing to produce it now.

This, then, is the Hoover relief policy in a nutshell. We trust we have made it clear.

▶▶*Jimmy Takes the Cure*

WE HAD THE impression that taking a cure at Carlsbad was a matter of strict dieting, enforced rest, baths, massage and gallons of unpleasant-tasting water. Apparently we were mistaken. Surely Carlsbad would permit nothing but its finest and surest cure to be offered to America's most popular traveling man, Mayor Walker of New York. So that a first-class cure must go something like this:

Morning: Ride through flag-decked streets to songs and cheers of enthusiastic populace. Lunch: Banquet with toasts and speeches and possibly a radio address over international hook-up. Afternoon: Visit to factory or laboratory with photographers all the way and frequent presentations of gifts. Dinner: Larger banquet, more toasts, more speeches. Evening: Special performance of a light opera, cheers and applause.

Evidently a cure can be made a very pleasant thing if one goes about it properly. Or if one doesn't need it very badly and is at the same time the debonair mayor of New York.

▶▶*Hoover Dam*

IT IS customary for great public projects to take their names from Presidents. Thus there are dams bearing the names of Roosevelt, Wilson and Coolidge. And thus the dam across the Colorado River at Boulder Canyon, near Las Vegas, Nevada, has been officially christened Hoover Dam. But it is quite possible that President Hoover will find the honor a doubtful one. The executive council of the American Federation of Labor has accused the Six Companies, Inc., the Western syndicate which won the contract for the dam, of forcing wages below the prevailing local rate, even below "decent living conditions."

For weeks, now, rumblings of labor discontent have drifted up from the torrid canyon where the thermometer hovers around 120 degrees even at night. Early in August several hundred men quit because of wage reductions. Then work was suspended and 1,300 men faced hunger and hardship on the Nevada desert. The Las Vegas Central Council protested to Washington. Secretary of Labor Doak has sent conciliators to the scene. But what can any one do? Mr. Doak admits that "this project does not come within the provisions of the prevailing-rate law." In other words, the contractors are free to pay what wages they choose and are taking advantage of the enormous surplus of labor which flocked to the Boulder Canyon country when work got under way on the dam which will provide irrigation and electric power in addition to water for the city of Los Angeles. Presumably, Mr. Doak's representatives can do nothing except exert moral suasion.

Against their arguments, including the possible one that it is embarrassing to Mr. Hoover to have these labor troubles on a project bearing his name, will be offered facts. The Six Companies agreed to build the dam for approximately $49,000,000. The government would supply materials and pay certain other costs. The contractor would pay for his labor and, if the job were not finished by the end of seven years, forfeit $5,000 a day. Wage increases will come out of the contractor's pocket. Decreases will augment his profits. It is, moreover, extremely doubtful that the scales are very much below the average in Nevada and Arizona. Only one solution is possible—the contract can be amended. The government can agree to make up any additional labor cost. Any other plan is just so much political conversation.

▶▶*Final Wickersham Report*

WITH RELIEF we offer the final report of the Wickersham commission, which absolves foreign-born residents of the accusation that they are more lawless than native Americans. It has not been pleasant to criticize these findings month after month and week after week. They could have meant so much and actually they have meant so little. Beginning with the curious straddle on prohibition, there have been fourteen offerings in all; 4023 printed pages, 1,600,000 words.

But this is the last. Like all of the others it is crammed with facts. As in most of the others the facts are badly digested. The commission analyzed some 4,000,000 criminal cases in cities large and small. The conclusion is set forth as an answer to those who say that crime is due to the foreign-born. It is that "the foreign-born commit considerably fewer crimes than the native-

Harris & Ewing

RELIEF WORKER

Walter S. Gifford, head of new Hoover committee for employment

born." Detailed statistics are given from New York City, for crimes ranging from homicide to intoxicated driving.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Among native-born (including Negroes) 346.7 persons per 100,000 were arrested in 1929 and only 207.8 foreign-born whites. Similar verdicts were reached in Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland and Los Angeles.

Unfortunately there are fatal flaws in the steps leading up to this conclusion: In the first place, it was misleading to include Negroes, whose crime rate is high, among the native born. In the second place, it is misleading to refer to the "foreign-born" as if they constituted one group. In New York, for instance, the crime ratio among Mexicans was five times as great as among native Americans (including Negroes). It was twice as great among Greeks. It was almost as great among Italians. These high marks are nullified, in the general average for the foreign-born, by the law-abiding qualities of the English, Germans, Scandinavians and Irish.

The commission itself points to the worst flaw of all in its study. Perhaps, it states, the prejudice against foreigners is really justified by crime "among children of foreign-born parents." But while one section of the report expresses the opinion that such is the case, the fact-finders have no statistics, no conclusive evidence on this phase. Without such statistics, without such evidence, their report loses all claim to importance.

▶▶*Coalition in England*

A COALITION is formed in England because, in the last analysis, economics and banking have become the leading forces in world affairs. True, they have been so for ages—hidden under such euphemisms as imperialism or manifest destiny. The issue is now more clear: gold to preserve the reichsmark, gold to preserve the pound sterling. And the United States and France control the gold. It is, in considering the difficulties under which Great Britain seeks to balance her budget, wholly academic to say that the gold standard is unwise. It is going to be preserved, for the present at least.

It is tragic that Premier MacDonald should at this time have been forced to give way to a Labor-Liberal-Conservative coalition. Just ahead lay two projects very dear to his heart—the Indian Round Table and the Geneva disarmament conference. He was forced to resign, and then become Prime Minister in a temporary government, because of two facts. The first—we thus emphasize it because otherwise he might have survived the crisis—was a split in his own party. The second was a budget $600,000,000 in excess of income. The deficit had to be met if British credit were to be maintained. Credit had to be maintained if $11,000,000,000 of England's national debt, now bearing interest at 5 per cent, were to be converted to a 4 per cent basis.

Further tax increases were impossible. Economy was the only solution and this necessity was thrown into bold relief when, last month, Sir George May of

COALITION CHIEF
J. Ramsay MacDonald carries on with tri-party cabinet

the government's own Economy Committee reported that $500,000,000 must be cut from anticipated expenditures. On this issue the Labor party split. MacDonald admitted that unemployment insurance, the dole, would have to be reduced. Arthur Henderson, retiring Foreign Minister and an aspirant for leadership of the Labor party, led the opposition. He fought, also, such government economies as cuts in wages, cut in welfare appropriations—in other words, the savings which Great Britain ordered in Germany and now must make herself. A tariff on imports, probably of ten per cent, will probably be enacted. So passes free trade from its traditional citadel.

Coalition, of course, is temporary. Stanley Baldwin and Lloyd George, the latter represented by Sir Herbert Samuel, return to power. An outside chance exists that a general election may be delayed for weeks or months, should the economy program be effected, and this is just as well. The outcome of an election is uncertain; the break in the ranks of Labor might return Baldwin and the Conservatives. At all events, the British Empire will go on. The international bankers, pleased that Labor and its too socialistic plans have met defeat, will grant credits. They will be needed, for the $250,000,000 supplied last month by the Federal Reserve Bank and the Bank of France has been heavily drawn upon.

▶▶*The Wiggin Report*

THE MANCHESTER *Guardian* hits the bull's-eye when it calls the report of the Wiggin committee "an open letter to politicians urging them to do their bit." At the request of an international conference which met in London during July, this committee of experts, headed by Albert H. Wiggin of New York, was created by the World Bank to study the credit needs of Germany and the conversion of her short-term credits into long-term credits. The committeemen have submitted an admirable, non-political report. If there were no such things as political considerations, their suggestions would undoubtedly be followed.

During most of the past several years, the report emphasizes, Germany to a very large extent has been paying reparations with money borrowed abroad. This cannot continue indefinitely. Should she strive to reduce her imports, expand her exports, and meet her obligations out of the resulting export surplus? The report shows that she cannot drastically restrict her imports without restricting the foreign market other countries enjoy in Germany or drastically expand her exports without invading their foreign markets elsewhere. The only possible solution is the reduction of the reparations payments Germany makes to European creditors—which implies reducing their war debts to the United States—and the Wiggin committee does not conceal the fact. It declares that Germany's international payments must not be "such as to imperil the maintenance of her financial stability."

The London conference urged that bankers maintain the credits they had already extended to Germany, and this they have agreed to do. At the Wiggin committee's invitation they met at Basle and adopted a plan to continue short-term credits for six months. But, says the report, the suggestion of the conference was merely a proposal to gain time in which to restore Germany's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

credit. The time is short, and it is up to the politicians of the various governments to take the next step at once. The present volume of Germany's foreign credits should be maintained, the committeemen believe, and there should be additional credit from foreign sources. But the additional credit should take the form of, and much of the existing short-term debt should be converted into, long-term obligations. Because investors consider German conditions unstable, this cannot be done, the report states, until the relations between Germany and other European powers are placed on a basis of cooperation and confidence; cannot be done if there is a continuous increase in Germany's foreign debt or a vast disproportion between her imports and exports.

There is the situation, these economists say to the world's politicians—Take it or leave it. What they demand, essentially, is that Germany's political and financial relations with other countries be thoroughly overhauled—a task for a great international conference. How the governments will eventually respond to this suggestion we do not know. So far, our own government, at least, has responded by attempting to ignore it.

▶▶*Next Dance*

SOMETHING HAS TAKEN the starch out of the Dancing Masters of America, Inc. True, they have held their annual convention and have told us what dance will be popular in the fall. What else could they do? How else would any one know the Dancing Masters of America existed? But this year there has been a difference.

It's generally a big event when the Dancing Masters stop dancing long enough for their convention. Master dancers from all over the country gather to discuss tempo, wrangle over rhythm and draft the annual decree. Usually they announce a brand new dance for the coming season; a few years ago, for example, it was the Ecstasy Glide. Sometimes they simply announce the return of the old-fashioned waltz. But hitherto they have always predicted a radical change from the current vogue. Not that anything ever came of it. As the winter wore on, it has always been apparent that people were neither gliding nor waltzing more than usual, but dancing exactly the same as they always had. This the dancing masters must have known. But they also must have known that their late summer decree would be noted by millions of Americans coming home from their vacations, brown and ambitious, full of resolutions to get more exercise, go out more, and have a better time. They must have known that some of these millions who heard about the new dance would want to learn it.

But consider this year. Here's the tamest announcement from the dancing masters on record. Here they are coming out for a gentle fox-trot to slow, dreamy music. Any one can do that. No lessons required. Has the depression discouraged the master dancers? Is the dancing-master business in for a hopelessly hard winter?

International

REPORTS ON REICH

Albert H. Wiggin, chairman of World Bank's investigating committee

▶▶*An "Out" for the Board*

WHILE the floods in the Yangtse and Hwai River Valleys constitute one of the greatest tragedies China has ever known, the members of our Federal Farm Board are probably doing their grieving only after office hours. The muddy flood waters have not only brought death and disease to thousands and left millions homeless and destitute. They have also brought the danger of a vast and persistent famine.

Here enters the interest of the Farm Board, which has been making frantic efforts to rid itself of its wheat holdings of between 200,000,000 and 300,000,000 bushels. The latest effort involved an exchange of 25,000,000 bushels of wheat for 1,050,000 bags of Brazilian coffee, but whether or not this is a good bargain

N. Y. Times

FLOODED CITIES

Arrows indicate points where flood waters of the Yangtse and Hwai are centering their destruction

will depend on the price the board gets for its coffee when it begins to sell it in the fall of 1932. In any case, this type of bartering with other countries hasn't the plain advantages of a wheat sale to China. Hence the board was quick to approve the recent offer of the Nanking government to buy 15,000,000 bushels of wheat on "easy" terms. Doubtless they can be very easy without being too easy to satisfy the Farm Board, which, indeed, has indicated that it stands ready to sell famine-threatened China as much more wheat as she wants.

We can see why it would. The board rejected a similar offer from China a year ago, but that was a year ago. Since then the floods have transformed the proposition from a business deal to a great humanitarian gesture. The board would have been criticized for selling wheat to China a year ago. It would not be today, not if America is as deeply moved by the Chinese tragedy as is indicated by the use of our Asiatic fleet for relief work, the American Red Cross donation for sufferers at Hankow and the message from President Hoover to President Chiang Kaishek. Moreover, it should help rather than hurt prices at home for the board to sell its wheat to China, and this would please the farmer. Nor would farmers object that they were being robbed of a market, as they did when the board sought to sell wheat to Germany. Chinese credit runs from doubtful to terrible and nobody else wants this market.

Needless to say, whatever losses were incurred in any sale of wheat to China would have to be shouldered by the American taxpayer, but while the humanitarian mood was upon him this fact would not impress him. Nor would the fact that the law creating the Farm Board charges it to strive for profits. From every point of view, then, the sale

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of wheat to China would be an excellent move—from every point of view save that of sound business.

▶▶*Crime Under Volsteadism*

We do not wish to exaggerate the relation between crime and prohibition. It would appear that there is little danger of exaggerating it, however, now that the Wickersham commission has submitted its report on the cost of crime together with the separate report of its expert investigators in this field, Goldthwaite H. Dorr and Sidney P. Simpson of New York.

The report of the experts shows that two-thirds of all federal funds for criminal law enforcement are spent in the entirely fruitless effort to enforce prohibition. Its police, prosecutors, courts, penal institutional treatment and probation and pardon work cost the federal government about $53,000,000 a year; of this sum about $35,000,000 goes to prohibition enforcement. That is to say, repeal the prohibition laws, maintain the $53,000,000 appropriation and the effectiveness of federal law enforcement would be vastly increased. For it would certainly not require all of the $35,000,000 now absorbed by prohibition to help states choosing to remain dry to do so. With most of the $35,000,000 freed for other purposes than prohibition enforcement, the federal government would become a far more powerful ally of states and communities in their war on crime.

This thought must have struck many New Yorkers when, on August 22, their newspapers carried both the Wickersham report on the enormous but still undetermined cost of crime and the news that a running battle between the police and three New York bandits had resulted in the deaths not only of the bandits but of two policemen and a four-year-old child, as well as the wounding of three other policemen and eight other bystanders. Coming soon after the gang shooting which ended in the wounding of four children and the death of another, the incident of August 21 has focussed national attention on New York's crime problem and roused the people of the city as they have rarely been roused before.

Some good may flow out of this. Even with the prohibition laws on the books, much can be done to preserve at least outward order in our large cities. But one need not be intimately familiar with New York's crime problem to know that it has been enormously complicated by prohibition. As Messrs. Dorr and Simpson showed, New York is already spending about $54,000,000 a year on criminal justice, twice as much as any other city spends, and about $2.30 more per capita than the average city spends. Repeal the prohibition laws, which are breeding criminals without number and giving them huge resources with which to corrupt and defy police and politicians, and New York City, with exactly the same expenditure, could improve its crime record speedily and radically. And what is true of New York is true of every large city in the country.

▶▶*Mulrooney on Rackets*

Police Commissioner Mulrooney discussed racketeering "from the practical standpoint of a policeman" at a recent anti-gangster meeting in New York. His remarks, condensed, follow:

"For years I have asked the burglar, the robber, the petty larceny thief, the con man and the all-around crook 'What is your racket?' and invariably the answer has been 'Alcohol.' The prohibition law is the creator and financier of the vast majority of the most vicious and brutal rackets that curse the country today. Criminals in general depend for a living on the profits derived from violation of the prohibition law. The people of New York do not want the Volstead law. Yet we must enforce it against their wishes. The law and the public have created the racketeers. The oppression and despotism of the law is resented all over the country. The bootlegger gets his opportunity from the law and his customers from the resentment

Remarkable Remarks

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on Page 32.

Great as have been our difficulties no man can contrast them with our experiences in previous great depressions or with the condition of other important industrial countries without a glow of pride in our American system and a confidence in its future.—Herbert Hoover.

Ben Jenkins, R. R. 7, Springfield, Ohio, $5 prize.

When money is plentiful, times are good; when money is scarce, times are bad.—Robert Quillen.

Mrs. Richard Wheelan, Burley, Idaho, $2 prize.

Unemployment relief activities necessitated last winter by the unemployment situation were, on the whole, adequate to prevent acute distress.—Walter S. Gifford.

John P. Egan, 339 Fifth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., $2 prize.

The impatience of the wet group to secure modification or repeal of national prohibition seems to be based upon a growing recognition of the fact that the longer prohibition remains on the statute books the better the quality of its observance as well as the quality of its enforcement.—Rev. Dr. F. Scott McBride.

John P. Egan, 339 Fifth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., $2 prize.

The newspaperman is like a hen. He has to lay an entirely new egg every day.—Arthur Brisbane.

E. Webster, 106 West 13th Street, N. Y. C., $2 prize.

Amos 'n' Andy are doing more than anyone else in the world to get people to care for their teeth.—Dr. Charles H. Mayo.

Robert H. Flynn, 15 Carter Street, Newtonville, Mass., $2 prize.

I still think I can beat Max Schmeling. —William L. ("Young") Stribling.

Ray W. Frohman, 1181 West 36th Street, Los Angeles, Calif., $2 prize.

Love is a wonderful thing and highly desirable in marriage.—Rupert Hughes.

P. E. Gazze, 115 Brushton Ave., Greensburg, Pa., $2 prize.

Honesty is not always the best policy. The best policy would be to acquire a reputation for honesty and then to cheat at the psychological moment.—Prof. William Lyon Phelps.

Elizabeth C. Meade, 33 Arch Street, New Bedford, Mass., $2 prize.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against it. Millions of persons help him pile up his fortune. The fight of rivals for the fortunes poured out by the public into the bootlegger's purse is the cause of the massacres, the gang killings and the mob government that is alarming the nation. They fight for a prize richer than that which lured men from their homes to join the California gold rush. If we are to put common sense into the campaign we should amend the law to make it lawful for the people to have light wines and beers. The law makes tyrants out of the police while the public makes heroes out of its bootleggers. Prohibition has made the criminal rich and the government poor. The government has lost, not money alone, but what is dearer to liberty than money—respect and affection for its law and authority. The criminal has gained, not money alone, but what is more costly to liberty in America—the support and patronage of masses of the people."

Commissioner Mulrooney may be accused in some quarters of attempting to make prohibition a goat for the failure of his department to clean up the racketeers. But every police chief serving in a large American city knows that his indictment of prohibition as a stimulant to crime is incontestably sound.

▶▶*Infant Industry*

Two years ago, Alfred J. Richey, a New York business man, was in a hurry to reach Miami, Florida. Involved in litigation in connection with a resulting airplane journey, he now contends that it was worth $900,000 for him to be there by 10 o'clock on the morning of October 7, 1929. Instead, he arrived in the afternoon—five hours too late for a foreclosure auction at the Miami-Biltmore Hotel.

Mr. Richey, quite naturally, chose the fastest known means of transportation. He chartered a plane at Roosevelt Field on Long Island and paid $150 in cash and $500 by check for a flight which, he insists, should have taken only fourteen hours. Instead, his plane was forced to land at Jacksonville; he did not reach Miami until the auction was over. Then he stopped payment on the check and Roosevelt Field, Inc., brought suit for $500. Pay $500? Mr. Richey countered with an action for $900,000, estimated as the sum lost because he was not present at the sale. Pay $900,000? Not a dime, answered Roosevelt Field. It was not responsible for the time of arrival. "Aviation, being in its infancy," it pleaded, "is subject to various delays, including adverse weather and many acts of God."

Somehow the courts will settle this insoluble dispute. It was, after all, not a regularly scheduled transport ship flying over an established route. No railroad, except to the limit of extra fares collected, assumes liability for tardy arrivals. But it is novel to hear official acknowledgment that aviation is an "infant industry." The admission would have been treasonous back in the days when our conservative bankers recommended the purchase of common stocks in airplane transport and manufacturing companies.

International

TELL HER BY TELEGRAPH

Mrs. Katharine Bleecker Meigs, who will solve all your problems of etiquette

▶▶*Emily Postal*

Our idea of a perfect husband is simple. He should never read the newspaper at breakfast. He must wear a dinner coat when he takes his wife to the theatre and the seats must be as close to the fifth row, center, as possible. He must not fail to comment on his wife's new evening dress or dream of saying that it is cut too low in back. If anything, he will look at it critically and murmur: "Beautiful, my dear, but isn't it just a shade conservative? After all, a woman with a figure like yours . . . ." He must say that, and mean it. Most important of all, however, is the obligation to remember anniversaries. This was the ultimate test, and now the Postal Telegraph Company announces a plan which invalidates it.

It has hired Mrs. Katharine Bleecker Meigs to start a "social division." A telegram to Mrs. Meigs will bring advice on the nuances of etiquette. She will see, among other things, that visitors to New York are guided through the shops, obtain proper hotel accommodations and dress properly for the opera. All this is unobjectionable. Mrs. Meigs, however, proposes to do much more. She will arrange to have flowers delivered to wives who have come to the city alone. She will, and here is the basis of our protest, send annual telegrams reminding husbands that another anniversary is at hand. The telegraph companies, with their stereotyped messages, have already eliminated whatever sentiment lay in Christmas, Easter and Mother's Day. Now the Postal proposes to undermine one of the qualifications for the perfect husband. We view Mrs. Meigs with alarm.

▶▶*In Brief*

Evidently the present fiscal year will end without a federal deficit after all. Secretary of the Navy Adams has ordered his department to re-ink its typewriter ribbons as a measure of economy . . . . Americans are not unanimous in condemning the late lamented Wickersham commission. Last week saw a strong defense of it made by Judge Kenneth Mackintosh, though it's only fair to add that Judge Mackintosh was a member of the commission himself. . . . . Some bankers make the point that depositors could improve industrial conditions considerably by judicious spending, but fail to specify what bankers could do by judicious lending . . . . The Republican National Committee has pointed out that President Hoover "does not pull rabbits out of plug-hats, produce eggs from silk handkerchiefs or pour water out of empty b u c k e t s." Considering everything, though, is it really necessary to deny that Mr. Hoover is a magician? . . . . The Couzens plan for the relief of unemployment may be simple but it sounds sincere. Senator Couzens has promised to give Detroit $1,000,000 for unemployment relief if the city raises $9,000,000 from other sources . . . . God Almighty says the first rule of safety in running a railroad is to obey him and to keep the Sabbath, as the railroads have not done. This fact was recently revealed by Noah W. Cooper of Nashville, who appeared before the Interstate Commerce Commission to oppose increased rail rates.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Unfair, Incorrect and Demagogic

An Answer to Professor Millikan

IS THE OUTLOOK captious, unfair, incorrect and demagogic on the subject of Mr. Hoover, the Wickersham Commission, the Farm Board and prohibition? Professor Robert A. Millikan, eminent scientist and valued California subscriber, gives it as his carefully considered opinion that we are. In a recent letter to us he says:

> The scientific method of approach to all problems which Mr. Hoover has adopted, almost for the first time in the political history of this country, represents in my judgment as important an advance in method as has ever been made in the history of our republic. That method is to develop a body of fact as a basis for action, rather than to let preconception and prejudice determine action. That method was illustrated in the appointment of the Wickersham Committee, the Farm Board, and many other groups of experts. Your editorials on both the Farm Board and the Wickersham Commission have been, from my point of view, captious, unfair, incorrect and demagogic. That in the presence of a world depression—which I think goes back to the World War for its causes—to write as though Mr. Hoover or the Farm Board were responsible for that situation is from my point of view the height of demagoguery, for that consists in its essence of using situations to arouse prejudice against individuals who have not, in fact, been responsible for them. Similarly, the contemptuous way in which you have treated the Wickersham Committee in my mind reflects upon the presumption and judgment of the writer, rather than upon the Committee itself. The members of the Wickersham Committee, almost without exception, are men of proved character and capacity, men whose records entitle them to respectful treatment. Finally, the prohibition question is a very involved one upon which there may well be differences of opinion. Dry hysteria is distressing enough, and we have a good deal of it, but the wet hysteria which has been emanating from New York and with which you have evidently become infected seems to me a disease which destroys all soberness and sanity of judgment.

SUCH A LETTER seems to us worthy of a public answer. Not only is Professor Millikan a responsible and well-known citizen, but we are convinced that he speaks for a great body of Americans, many of whom are subscribers to the OUTLOOK. How are his charges to be answered? Obviously, we must admit unhesitatingly to the soft impeachment that we are now a militant wet journal. Having considered the subject for some years, and arriving at the conclusion that prohibition is the enemy of temperance and the corrupter of society—a condition predicted by Dr. Lyman Abbott—we think that conclusion worth fighting for. If we appear slightly excited in the tussle, we fear there is no help for it. Victories are not won on the side-lines. If the America we love is to recover her health, we think prohibition must go. Where the charges of demagoguery, unfairness and incorrectness are concerned, however, it seems possible to us to disagree with Professor Millikan.

LET US SAY at the outset that we have never held Mr. Hoover or his party or his Farm Board responsible for the business depression. We have repeatedly stated that we do not believe any political party is primarily the producer or the saviour of prosperity. It was Mr. Hoover who re-proclaimed the "Republican prosperity" doctrine in his Palo Alto speech accepting the Presidential nomination. Events, not the OUTLOOK, have shown the falsity of that claim. Whatever demagoguery has been employed has not been on our part. There remain, then, the facts in relation to what Professor Millikan calls the "scientific method of approach to all problems." Here again let us say that we have never attacked the character of the men chosen by Mr. Hoover for his boards and commissions. On the contrary, our criticism has been precisely of the kind which we should have imagined would range men like Professor Millikan on our side. We have denounced the distortion of facts for political purposes. We have deplored the complete abandonment of the scientific approach.

THE TASK of the scientist, we take it, is to clarify, to make clear what before was confusing; to ascertain as many facts as possible and either draw from them a conclusion—whether principle or law—or see how many can be fitted into an already selected theory. In either case honesty of mind is the first necessity. For no matter what a scientist's character or attainments, he must still stand or fall on the use he makes of the facts he has ascertained.

JUDGED from such a standpoint, what are we to think of the Wickersham Commission? What would Professor Millikan think of a body of scientists who set forth the conclusions of the minority as the conclusions of the majority? What would he think of the president of a scientific congress who not only accepted such an analysis of a scientific problem, but proceeded further to distort the conclusion reported in his presentation of the matter to the public? Of the Wickersham Commission, two of the eleven commissioners declared for immediate repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Five declared for its immediate revision. Three others for its revision if a further trial did not result in better enforcement. At one time six of the commissioners even agreed on Henry Anderson's specific plan for revision. Yet the report of the Commission was given as in favor of the dry law. In its presentation to Congress, Mr. Hoover not only stated that the Commission "does not favor the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, but clearly recognizes the gains which have been made and is resolute that these gains should be preserved." The report, said Mr. Hoover, "calls attention to the urgency of obedience to law by our citizens." Is this sort of thing science or does it remotely resemble "the scientific approach to all problems"? Not on your college days! It is politics, pure and simple, and is understandable only as such. As for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Farm Board, we have not the heart to speak harshly any more. If economists know anything, they know and have known since the days of the Roman Empire that governmental price fixing is unscientific and impossible. It failed in the dark days of Rome, it has failed in the present instance, and it always will fail, unless the commodity be one upon which, like coffee, a practical monopoly of both production and sale can be secured. The result of the Farm Board's unscientific action has been to increase the production and lower the price of wheat. It has finally been reduced to the absurd suggestion that cotton growers plow under every third row. Bedlam can do no better than that.

▶▶ THE FACT is that any pretense of scientific approach to the agricultural problem in this country would have completely prevented any such attempt at a solution. To our mind, the manner in which political necessity has driven Mr. Hoover from whatever scientific ideas he may have had in the beginning is one of the most unfortunate and tragic things that could have happened to this country at this particular time. For it has resulted in the mind of the crowd in a popular, unwarranted discrediting of the very thing which men like Professor Millikan know is one of society's few hopes for the future. Instead of clarification Mr. Hoover has given us confusion. Instead of scientific analysis, he has given us political distortion. If to state these views still seems to any one captious, incorrect and demagogic, we will be glad to direct him to the sources of the facts and let him judge for himself.

THE EDITORS.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE NOTE that several New York newspapers ordinarily friendly to the Democrats of that State, as well as Mr. Frank Kent of the Baltimore *Sun*, a swashbuckling Democrat at times, have demanded that Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt "flame with wrath" against the erring and elusive members of Tammany Hall who have come afoul of the Seabury investigation. It is not enough, according to these political purists and prophets, that Mr. Roosevelt summoned the Legislature into special session to give more authority to the investigators of the Walker administration and its political annex, the Wigwam. He must, in their opinion, adopt the mannerisms of his famous namesake, Theodore Roosevelt, and denounce the machine bosses, if he is to convince the country that he is deserving of a presidential nomination next year. We happen to know that Mr. Roosevelt, who has received enough advice within the last few months to stock his cupboard for the rest of his career, has been prodded in the same fashion by southern and western advisers in his party. He has only to stand on the roof of the Executive Mansion at Albany, they tell him, and lash out at Tammany to insure both his nomination and his election.

It is, in our opinion, a great sacrifice which these well-meaning men ask of Mr. Roosevelt. It may be that he will respond to all this pressure, although we imagine he will rest upon the steps he has already taken. What his friends ask of him is more than they have ever required of, say, President Hoover and other worthies of the G. O. P. We do not recall, for instance, that the New York *Times*, the New York *Herald Tribune* and the New York *Sun*—or Mr. Kent either—permitted Mr. Hoover's silence in the face of the Fall-Daugherty-Forbes scandals to detract from their admiration of his political or private character. Indeed, Mr. Kent, to the surprise and sorrow of his associates, has been, and still is, one of the President's staunchest journalistic jousters.

We are mindful of the denunciation of his former Cabinet associates which Mr. Hoover uttered at the dedication of the Harding memorial a few months ago—ten years after the event. It may be that Mr. Roosevelt's voluntary advisers suffer from the delusion that Mr. Hoover, while a member of the Harding Cabinet, did not know what was going on about him. That has been the defense and explanation of Mr. Hoover's failure to "flame with wrath" until most of the principals of the Harding administration were in their graves or in jail. The same alibi has been offered on behalf of such eminent Republicans as Andrew W. Mellon and Charles Evans Hughes.

In view of the curious parallel in the lives of the prospective presidential opponents, it is only fair to say that Mr. Hoover had full knowledge of his Cabinet associates' misdeeds, and, had he cared to do so, was in a position to aid in their exposure, not ten years afterward, but at the time. We understand that, on the fatal trip to Alaska, the late President Harding discussed his good friends' betrayal of his trust in some detail with Mr. Hoover, who was then Secretary of Commerce. Broken-hearted at his discovery, Mr. Harding was unable to conceal his concern from the men who played cards and conversed with him aboard the vessel that took him north. He was, he explained to a group which included Mr. Hoover, of two minds as to how to proceed against his old pals—whether to get rid of them quietly, and thereby prevent an open scandal that might destroy the people's trust in the government, or to denounce them before the bar of public opinion. His death prevented either course.

What deterred the late President's confidants, it seems clear, was their fear that for them to disclose the truth would have hurt themselves and their party. They were wise but wooden "soldiers." Even when the senatorial investigations which they deprecated revealed the facts, they said nothing—at least publicly. When Mr. Hoover did speak out, he was, of course, eulogized for his belated courage and frankness, for "flaming with wrath" that was a decade in developing.

As a matter of fact, we do not think that drastic action by Mr. Roosevelt would hurt him half so much as some people imagine. Tammany, after all, is a purely local organization; it has little interest in national politics, and plays that game very ineptly. It is content to confine its activities to New York City, more so under John F. Curry, who is a bread-and-butter politician rather than a statesman, than under any recent boss.

THE Walker Administration, however, whether intentionally or not, has already put a crimp in Gov. Roosevelt's move to outdo Mr. Hoover's efforts to relieve unemployment distress. Without waiting for the Governor to announce his program, it has responded to the request of Walter S. Gifford, the President's new relief assistant, to appropriate funds for the care of next winter's sufferers. It begins to look as if the prospective presidential candidates' rivalry in this field may mean a helping hand—at last—to the men out of work. Last year they fought against him—now they fight over him. There's nothing like the approach of an election year to transform our politicians into philanthropists!

A. F. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▸▸ Politics and the Mooney Case ◂◂

An Article by a California Writer

By MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD

AT THE outset it should be understood that the speculations of this article are based on the fact that Thomas J. Mooney and Warren K. Billings, now serving life sentences as a consequence of the Preparedness Day Parade explosion in San Francisco on July 22, 1916, are both innocent of the charges against them. Recantation or proof of perjury of all the chief witnesses, established alibis, the Densmore report issued by the Federal Government (which implicated the then district attorney, Charles M. Fickert, and his aids), and the pleas for pardon of the judge who tried Mooney, all the living members of his jury, the then captain of detectives who was in charge of his case, and many other officials and other informed persons, should be sufficient evidence that the two men had no more to do with the crime with which they were charged than had the writer of this article.

With this premise, it becomes of vital interest to every citizen to know just why and how it is that these two labor agitators could be so "framed" (for the concession by Billings's lawyers that there was no frame-up, that everybody concerned was "honest but mistaken," was a purely tactical—and unsuccessful—legal move, and the facts of the framing of the men have never been disproved or successfully contradicted), and can continue to be kept in prison today.

Broadly speaking, there are two reasons for this situation. These are, the sentiment of the majority of the citizens of the state, and the political ambitions of its successive governors. A minor reason is the temperaments of the two victims, and particularly of Mooney.

It must not be understood that the embattled Californians are grimly set, with clenched teeth, against the release of Mooney and Billings. The main obstacle to any successful popular protest against the incarceration of these two men is not the enmity of the California public, but its apathy. The average Californian knows little about Mooney and Billings, and cares less. One University of California periodical expressed the general feeling of older Californians during the Supreme Court hearings last summer on Billings's application for pardon, when in an editorial satirically entitled "Booney and Millings" it protested that it was sick of the case and wished that the people would forget it.

I attended those hearings daily as a reporter, and was frequently amused by conversations caught on the street car as I came and went. The crowd outside the State Building, watching for the appearance of various famous or notorious participants in the hearings, would catch the eye of passengers, whose casual comments provided an interesting sidelight on popular opinion.

"Is that the same old case they've been talking about for fifteen years?" I heard one man say. "For heaven's sake, if those men haven't got out in all this time, they *must* be guilty!"

As Louie Adamic remarks in his recent book, "Dynamite":

> The general California public . . . . has but the faintest conception of the Mooney-Billings case, and that conception is largely erroneous. More than half the present population of California consists of recent arrivals there, tired and retired people mostly from the Middle West. Their concern with politics is light and superficial. The go-getters, the politicians, and the newspapers can do almost as they please.

This, it may be added, is particularly true of the residents of Southern California. The older inhabitants among the Angelenos are also still sensitive about the Los Angeles *Times* dynamiting (which has been brought into every hearing on the Preparedness Day case, though it has not the faintest connection with it), and are inclined to feel that the best place for a labor agitator is in jail, whatever perjury may have to be committed to put him there. As Edward Cunha, Fickert's chief assistant, said during his official prosecution before the Supreme Court, it does not matter very much whether the testimony was perjured; Mooney and Billings are the type of men who ought to be in prison anyway!

THERE is also, of course, a great deal of open and embittered opposition to the release of the two men, chiefly expressed by industrialists and die-hard newspapers. In San Francisco, where the explosion occurred, only one daily newspaper is opposed to pardon, together with one old-established and reactionary weekly, but out-of-town and especially country papers, in many cases owned and controlled by the most conservative elements of industry, are frequently savage in their demand that Mooney and Billings shall continue to be punished for a crime they did not commit. The editor of The Colfax *Record* delivered himself of the following explanation.

THOMAS J. MOONEY

> We may as well be candid and kindergartenish with you. The reason that Mooney and Billings are in prison is because a majority of the people of the state of California want them there and the Supreme Court and the Governor dare not disobey that majority. It is quite beside the point whether or not they are guilty of the particular crime of which they were charged and convicted. The question is: Are Mooney and Billings the sort of people we want to run at large? We have decided this in the negative and we have them locked up. We intend to keep them there, despite all fulminations from Greenwich Village.

I have no doubt that thousands of Californians said "Amen" to this self-revealing and rather incredible letter, to say nothing of the thousands more who didn't care one way or the other. That the newspapers which are still anti-Mooney and Billings are so largely because they know that is the way to please their readers, and not necessarily because of personal belief on the part of those who write the editorial attacks on the men, was proved in a curious way during the Supreme Court hearings. One day Max Stern, of the *United Press*, took a secret ballot among the reporters present, to ascertain their personal opinions on the guilt or innocence of the prisoners. Twenty ballots were returned, of which only one was against a pardon, one was against a pardon for Mooney but not for Billings, two were for com-

(Continued on Page 30)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ Jobs—for Men Only? ◀◀

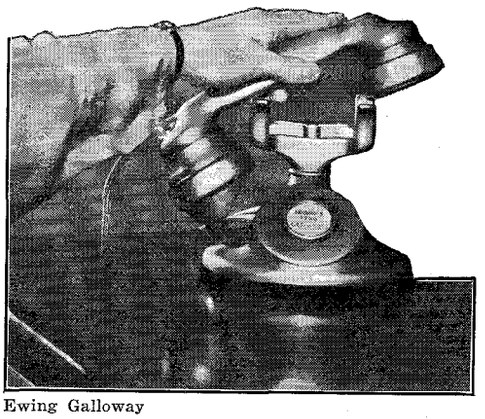
Shall We Send Women Workers Home?

By EDNA C. McKNIGHT

ALTHOUGH it is true that both men and women have suffered from the decline in employment, there are definite indications that women have suffered more. In the first place the period of uncertainty and anxiety has been more prolonged for them. Discerning persons saw the approach of unemployment for women as early as 1925 and 1926. Executives of the Y. W. C. A., who have been studying unemployment of women, say that there has been "under-employment from the summer of 1927 for the older girls." So serious did women's unemployment appear to this organization that a resolution urging study and action to combat the crisis was adopted in 1928. Since many women have been worried about their jobs over a period of three or four years, it is not surprising that their morale is somewhat undermined and that they look forward to the winter of 1931 with doubt and fear.

Generally speaking, the self-supporting woman is an employe and not an employer. Naturally, then, she is more subject to circumstances outside of her control than is the man, her fortune rising and falling in accordance with economic cycles or the fancies and fashions of the employing world. After the last few years of falling wages and uncertainties due to the technological revolution, it is not surprising that we find women, in this peak year of the business depression, badly fatigued and discouraged, if not panicky.

Women are beginning to realize that their earnings—even as they were during the years of inflation and prosperity—will never provide for security after middle life and this fact, coupled with recent bitter experiences, has undermined their fighting courage. The depression has thrown into relief the fact that women had overestimated their gains in the business and professional world during and since the war. It shows, in fact, that in the last decade they have not consciously been making progress. The fact that the average employer will not consider the applicant over twenty-five years of age looms with sinister aspect to the self-supporting woman today. It means that many women, educated, experienced and efficient, are arbitrarily disqualified in the labor market.



Ewing Galloway

The hand that rocked the cradle reaches for the office telephone. Shall we send it back home?

Aside from these factual reasons for discouragement, there is a psychological factor which is generally overlooked. In leaving her traditional rôle of homemaker and moral counselor, woman sometimes consciously and sometimes unconsciously has forsaken her old faiths and spiritual functions to take up the expediencies of the business world and compete with man on his own terms. In truth, however, she finds herself a subordinate in a man's world competing with feminine subordinates. Masculine business formulas do not apply to her case. She is subject to the formula of the average feminine job hunter—the cult of assurance and smart externals growing out of cruel competition and the standards of shop and office girls.

Signs are not wanting that the technique of getting a job, long sacred in the circles of commercial employment agencies, is breaking down of its own weight. The business depression has revealed its absurdities and injustices. Moreover, women are weary and discouraged. The hysteria of job hunting is waning.

Strange contradictions and social tendencies are at work so far as women and the employing world are concerned. A few years ago training in stenography and typewriting was almost a guarantee that a girl, regardless of social background, would get a job, but that is not true today. The girl of good family and comfortable financial status has entered on the scene, particularly in the better offices. Aside from the question of injustice to the girl without this economic support, it is just possible that this invasion of secretaries from the upper classes will introduce higher standards in business offices and in the long run prove advantageous both to the employer and the woman of merit. Similar forces are at work in shops and department stores, where there is an increasing tendency to employ the society girl with a following. The girl at the bottom of the social ladder, even with training, finds many doors closed to her because she is not a daughter of an established family or the niece of an ex-ambassador.

The appalling aspect of the employment problem is that nearly all the traditional callings for women are hopelessly overcrowded. Particularly is this true of office occupations, where increasing numbers of clerical workers and stenographers swell the competing army every year. Take the case of bookkeepers alone. Many have been displaced by the billing and bookkeeping machines which have been increasingly adopted in recent years. In a call at the offices of one of the largest firms dealing in such machines, I learned recently that in some offices the number of bookkeepers had shrunk a third and in others even more.

"What becomes of the bookkeeper laid off in such instances?" I asked the registrar of the company's school which trains girls to operate the machines. I was told that many of them will not consider working for fourteen dollars a week, the average wage of such operators. Some, on the other hand, after being out of work for a time, return from necessity and enroll in the courses. Truly, not a cheerful prospect for the experienced bookkeeper, I thought as I rang the bell for a descending elevator and heard my car announced by the weird voice of a robot somewhere in the dim recesses of this modern establishment so actively functioning in the machine era. Whatever ideas I may have had concerning reëducation to help superfluous bookkeepers were scattered by my first personal encounter with the mechanical man.

IT SEEMS only yesterday that relatives and heads of placement bureaus were telling the girl who must consider maintenance that teaching offered the surest refuge. That is no longer true today. Last year Governor Roosevelt in an address before a class of prospective teachers frankly stated that he would not approve any appropriation for the construction of more normal schools in New York and thereby encourage girls to train for a profession where there was such small chance of placement. In the city of New York alone it is said that

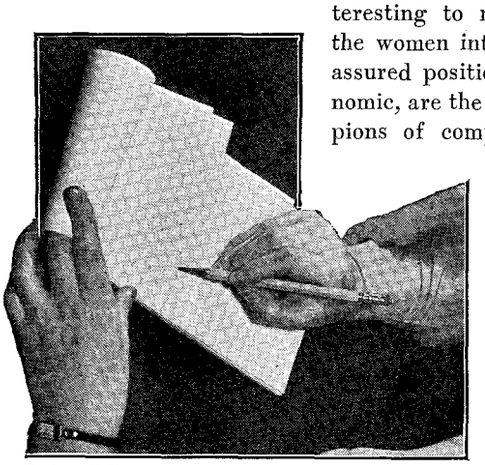
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

between four and five thousand teachers vainly have awaited placement this year.

Similar tales come from other fields. Women of the arts and professions have suffered everywhere. Even many following the supposedly less hazardous commercial arts have been unemployed, as anyone with the slightest knowledge of the advertising world will understand. In tiding over the economic emergency, there have been few social agencies to meet the needs of the better class business and professional women. Practically all the charity organizations were designed to deal with the family unit. Aid or "made" work went to the man with family, while the unconnected woman found herself without job or social beacon.

EVERY large city last winter had its quota of such tragic women without family or relatives who could supply the necessary loan until they could find their way back into the professional world where they had once bravely held their own. In New York the need was met to a certain extent by the Women's Fund Committee headed by Mrs. August Belmont. This temporary organization had a drive in the winter, but as suffering increased toward spring a second campaign for $350,000 was undertaken so that further loans might be extended and "made" work offered to professional women. Thus nurses, teachers, actresses and others out of work have been enabled to carry on during the summer.

It is encouraging to note the growth of a more understanding spirit in dealing with self-respecting women who have suffered through the depression. In some instances, women's organizations have assumed responsibility for unemployed women outside their own membership, as illustrated by the committee of the Business and Professional Women's Club in Philadelphia, which raised and administered a loan fund. With the assistance of nine coöperating organizations and volunteer stenographic help, a relief machinery was set up which has been instrumental in putting a hundred women on their feet, either through immediate relief or loans. In some cases these loans have been repaid and in others there is every prospect of repayment as the woman improves her financial situation. In the same city the local Y. W. C. A. has done a creditable piece of work in the way it has administered a fund appropriated to it for loans and immediate relief.



Ewing Galloway

The writing in the business woman's note book—Does it say, "Go back home! We have too many of you! Give men your jobs!"

The problem of women and unemployment is complicated by the appearance of the age-old question of woman's relation to the home. In times of stress like these, sex prejudice is bound to appear in various guises. For the time being we must pass that aspect of the discussion with the mere remark that a good many men, if they told the truth, would probably admit that they consider much of the work of the underpaid feminine employe in offices a wastage of woman power, not to mention disastrous reactions on wages of men.

I have talked with countless women and find opinion divided. Some take the stand that women outside the home are contributing to the economic debacle. A greater number, seemingly, say that women should be allowed to work regardless of sex or marital status. The idea seems to be growing that our economic system should be organized so every one will be a worker. It is interesting to note, too, that, of the women interviewed, those of assured position, social and economic, are the most ardent champions of complete freedom for women.

When I asked Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt what she thought of the talk in some quarters since the unemployment crisis to the effect that many women would be forced to return to the home, she characterized such ideas as strange, and not to be taken seriously.

"I do not think that women have ever left the home," she said. "Certainly they are not going back to it—at least in the way meant. Take your situation in Norway. Since they got cheap power in that country the women lead an entirely different life. Freed from drudgery, they live on a higher plane."

Ewing Galloway

Not burglary—merely one of woman's daily tasks, unlocking the office safe. Shall these deft fingers go back to home crocheting?

Mrs. Roosevelt does not dwell on ugly facts of the moment but looks through them to the emerging principle. A query as to whether the professional woman would regain her foothold as business recovers brought a characteristic answer.

"She will gain equality ultimately. Yes," said the Governor's wife, "we will forget whether work is done by men or women."

When the question about women's return to the home was put to Miss Mary van Kleeck of the Russell Sage Foundation, she took the position that there was no question of whether women shall work. The issue as she saw it lay in the fact that the wage scale was too low and that they were not making progress in this regard. In mentioning wages, Miss van Kleeck brings up a fundamental which women should keep in mind in any discussion of women and unemployment. The wisest feminists have always foreseen that the success of the woman's movement would be determined ultimately by her wages and the consequent reaction on the occupational status of men.

A well-known woman who is the personnel director of a large insurance company says that "unemployment can be solved to a great extent, for women, at least, if daughters of the rich and well-to-do will keep out of the business world."

"There is a large group who fill our finest offices and who work because they have nothing else to do or think about," she said. "Their families object in some instances but more often are a little amused and think it admirable. This is one of the real reasons why the stenographic and secretarial positions are so poorly paid. For almost nothing a man can get an excellent secretary, well-mannered, dressed beautifully and educated, because she is interested in having a job and father will supply the home, and clothes and her salary can go for trifles and entertainment."

To a girl who came from a comfortable home recently to apply for a position as typist, this personnel director explained business conditions a bit and suggested that the girl enter some uni-

(Continued on Page 18)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ Penniless Lady Immigrants ◀◀

By ELSE TORGE DOUGALL

THE lady immigrant is a post-war product. Before the war ladies did not emigrate. But the war and its results shattered homes and wealth in my country, Germany, and made any profession a place of nearly hopeless competition, and suddenly ladies began to emigrate. On the surface the cause was an overwhelming economic pressure, but this pressure weighed on millions of them. What quality or defect sifted out a small percentage and drove them over the ocean?

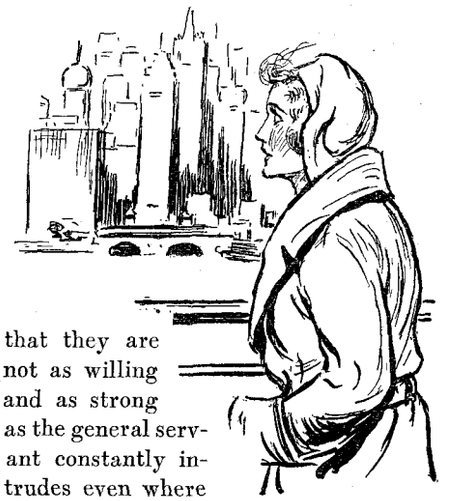
Some say that those who had stamina, resistance, faithfulness and sense of duty stayed at home and willingly shouldered the burden of individual and national hardships. But the ladies were now poor, many of them no longer young. How thousands of them lived on for years without any apparent means is one of the familiar enigmas of economic life. Friends or relatives may help sporadically, but in many cases the answer may be found in the statistics of suicide and insanity which have risen so appallingly during the last decade in Germany. It might, therefore, be equally well to say that courage and initiative pushed some of them out of almost certain destruction into a foreign country, where they would have no help except their own personalities.

Some of them stayed here in America fighting the well-nigh unsurmountable obstacles which they encountered. Others after a while actually fled back. They did not like America. It was frightening, if not repulsive to them. They returned with a deepened love for their own country like prodigal daughters, if only to die there, while those who remained felt their hearts strangely vibrating as at the beginning of a new love.

Never are material causes the sole deciding factor in a human fate. All those who emigrate under cover of a general disaster have been unconsciously uprooted long before. But what did these ladies hope to find here? Certainly something more than an existence by any kind of work. They all dreamed of rising again to their old standards of life in this land, full of "unlimited opportunities" to the European mind. Few of them had before struggled materially with life, though this does not imply that they had been lazy. They may have married early and supervised their lost homes with efficiency. They knew enough of every domestic task to let employed persons do most of the work according to their often minute instructions. Their own job was to be a personality which gave the whole household its character. Instead of choosing a profession, for which necessity did not call, they occupied themselves with general interests or hobbies—music, painting, writing perhaps.

Where are they now? Competition is keen here even among native Americans. Youth and speedy efficiency is wanted above all. A life passed in comfort scarcely makes for special alertness in middle-age. The commercial world rules and customs here were practically unknown to these lady immigrants. A few tried to starve along giving language and music lessons or translating, but the majority landed disheartened in domestic work, which at least was familiar to them. Even there they were handicapped! A lady may know exactly what her servant has to do; to become a servant herself is a different thing.

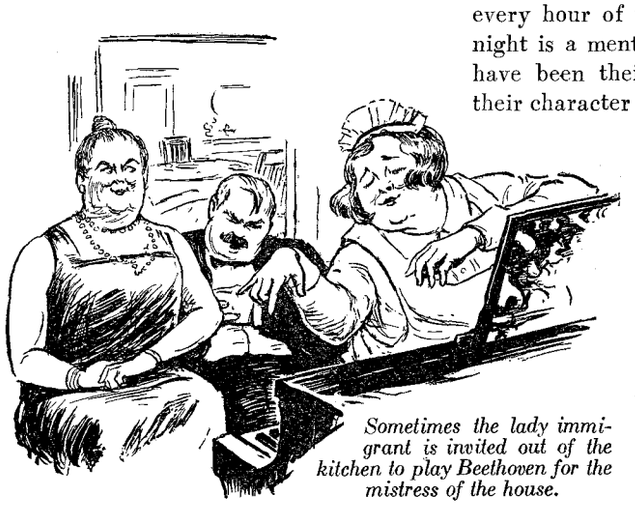
After a life of comparative ease suddenly to have to cook and scrub and serve all day long is an enormous and often overwhelming physical strain. To be deprived of personal freedom in every hour of the day and part of the night is a mental torture for those who have been their own mistresses. With their character and antecedents, the idea of wandering from house to house with a suitcase containing all their earthly possessions is such a nightmare that they prefer to submit to impositions and put up with disagreeable things just to be allowed to stay somewhere in semi-permanence. Yet this is likely enough to prove futile, for the suspicion that they are not as willing and as strong as the general servant constantly intrudes even where their greater reliability is acknowledged.



There is nothing more cruel than woman to woman! Here are persons forced and able to give more than their station demands—why not take advantage of it? Little incidents throw a light on attitudes. A friend of mine, widow of a physician, presented herself for a job, as a maid, and the prospective employer asked whether she could play Beethoven? My friend was not musical. The former maid, who had been a lady immigrant too, had thus entertained her employer after the day's work and such a bargain was desirable.

EVEN where gentle tactfulness meets them, the fate of immigrant lady servants is horrible to them. All they can hope for is to save some money for a jobless time or a voluntary pause between two jobs—not enough to provide for their old age. The very few I have seen rising from bondage had some professionally usable training or a special gift. One started in a department store packing room and is now a music teacher at a fashionable boarding school in the South, but she was a well-trained musician. Another who was a general houseworker began to teach German recitation at a San Francisco school and now gives short radio talks, but she had acted and recited before the war, though her father had been a high military officer. A doctor's wife with a knack for clothes started selling dresses and survived the economic battle that defeated so many other lady immigrants.

But even among those who are condemned to a hard and hand-to-mouth existence through lack of a special talent, a peculiar enthusiasm has grown up despite all the hardships. They sense the vital energy which is pulsing through this country. They are fascinated by this unique experiment of human development—the creation of a new type out of all the existing ones! They love these grandiose landscapes, the atmosphere of courage and boisterous cheerfulness, and



Sometimes the lady immigrant is invited out of the kitchen to play Beethoven for the mistress of the house.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even the pandemonium of city life. They dream of some remote future success and unknowingly it was that visionary feast which drew them hither.

Sometimes it seems to me as if we lady immigrants had to learn some very vital things besides supporting ourselves instead of being taken care of by fathers or husbands or by inherited fortune. We from the Old World were saturated with the caste spirit. Was it necessary to become servants to realize the equal rights of all human beings? I can see it in my own case. Though penniless, I was a haughty person. I did not ask myself why I was so, I hardly knew it myself, for I was not inclined to be unkind to anybody. But unconsciously I put up an invisible barrier between myself and the mob, though I certainly was no princess—it is the smaller social degrees which are the most self-conscious! That my father had been a playmate of the emperor Wilhelm II, that my mother, Anna Ritter, was for several years the admired poetess in Germany, that I myself had written books, had had a husband with a little title, had known comfort and been waited upon by servants—all that stuck in my mind when I stood on Ellis Island in the nameless mass some eight years ago.

Unwillingly I took the yoke and suffered in every minute of bearing it. As a psychological result of the terrible years of war and starvation I had lost my ability to write. Inflation devoured the last of my money. I was trained for nothing. I was destined to become one of the lady-servants and have been one for years, nurse, cook, general houseworker, waitress, all in turn. It is not necessary to dwell on details. Everybody knows what work and life these occupations mean, though not many know what special difficulties they mean for one who was a lady. My life here was tragic!

Why tragic? Because every station in life has its own mark. A lady should have an outspoken personality and carry herself with ease and dignity in the presence of others, whereas a servant is desired to be as humble and impersonal as possible. In fact, the ideal servant is only felt as the comfort of a service. Here vitally different standards clash! The lady who in her cook or maid has to recognize another lady is irritated, and a lady who has to assume the servile attitude of a servant suffers tortures of outraged pride. A lady immigrant who under the pressure of necessity gradually becomes a real servant has never been a real lady. She has to live amongst the other servants in an isolation which is ever on the brink of hostility. Thus all of them have to go through a sickening period of self-pity. There are thousands of servants whose hard and uncertain life is not thought to be tragic, nor do they themselves so consider it, for birth, use and training have adjusted them to it, but with me the case was altogether different.

Incongruence of personality and circumstances form a great part of all human tragedy. When I was waiting on table I have often wondered what made it so tremendously painful? It was not only hurt vanity, because it actually did not matter to me what those whom I served thought of me. I had access to a world of fine and interesting friends who were their superiors. But what wounded me was that with all the heritage of generations of cultured forefathers, with the advantages of education and circumstances I had had, with the personality I believed I possessed, I had to do this to make a living. Often I could not meet a questioning young eye, which seemed to say, "Is this all you have been able to accomplish?"

"A beggar asked me for a nickel. It was my last one and I told him so. He did not believe me. Lady immigrants never look as poor as they actually are."

For several months I had the luck to be a librarian at the New York Public Library. It was suggested that I invest part of my small salary in evening courses which might in time have given me a fixed position. But I even did not try. I suddenly realized that I had not come over the ocean to fall down into a safe little corner! Though I had arrived more dead than alive, it had been expansion of my very self that I had sought unconsciously, and as I was waxing stronger in the strangely stimulating air of this country, I felt a new urge to dare life again for the sake of expressing myself. I would have to write or die! But after the day of tiresome work in the library my brain in the evening refused to think creatively. Therefore I easily caught the adventurous contagion from another would-be artist and we roamed around in the most desolate parts of Alabama, living on nearly nothing in abandoned houses or in a tent. We even built a wooden shack in Florida. It was a life more primitive and nearer to Nature than I had ever known before.

Once during my first immigrant years a beggar asked me for a nickel. I happened to have nothing but a nickel. It was my last one and I told him so. He did not believe me. Lady immigrants never look as poor as they actually are. Some vague atmosphere of wealth and dignity seems to cling around them, distinguishing them from the crowd of the poor, to which materially they belong. It has its advantages. But then and there I asked myself, "What becomes of them, if they are sick?"

One should never ask too penetrating questions because Fate may answer them! I did fall desperately ill and had to go to the hospital without a cent. I had never been forced to accept charity in my own country. It was the summit of humiliation. I was cared for in the hospital, I was operated on by a splendid surgeon, I was taken to recreation homes for weeks—and I paid nothing for it all! It may have been during those months that in my soul I became a citizen of this country, in which I had no legal rights, to which I had not contributed a cent of taxes, but which did not forsake me in my dire need. I remembered that my mother's father, though returned to Germany at the end of his life, had been an American. I felt I belonged here for the rest of my life, and I changed my nationality, a step involving a difficult inner problem.

I know I am of the few fortunate lady immigrants who have been able to extricate themselves from bondage. The life of a mediocre writer may have more privations and be even more uncertain than the life of a servant. But at least it is a blessed freedom. And one thing is certain, paradoxical as it may sound—the lady immigrants who dare a free life are much more able to suffer near-poverty than ignorant persons are. If one could compare the money at their disposal and the kind of life they lead, with the same amount of money and the existence an ignorant person manages to base on it, it would be found that the life of the lady immigrants seems to be

(Continued on Page 18)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▸▸ Critics' Holiday ◂◂

By N. L. ROTHMAN

IN THE temporary lull that now broods over publishing and reading, it becomes possible to cast a mellow glance backward upon that lush, prolific period just past, when endless streams of volumes gushed from the sweating presses. Certain interesting phenomena stand out to meet the eye, but none more prominently than the color and quality of the journalistic criticism which accompanied that rich production. It seems, now that I write of it, to have been an extraordinary, orgiastic holiday of critics; daily, weekly, they poured forth a profusion of enthusiasm seldom tempered with a suggestion of disapproval.

Eternal youth smiled upon them as they continued to toss hats, with undiminished vigor, into the air, cheering for masterpieces that appeared in amazing succession, with amazing regularity. Never before had so many books received so heartening an accolade of praise; each day heralded a modern Swift, a new Hardy, another Conrad. One was forced to conclude either that we were wallowing in a golden age of American writing, or that there were several things essentially wrong with our critics. It is easy to see, now that the shouting is stilled, that the latter alternative was correct. An autopsy is in order.

The question, "What is a book-reviewer?" is not, as may seem at first apparent, answered by a definition of terms. To review books may be to do any one of a number of things, each at variance with the others. For example, many reviewers hold to the belief that they are reporters, literary reporters, just as there are ship news reporters and society reporters. These form the larger part of our body of commentators, since their activity is so simple and calls for so meager an equipment that any English-speaking person with a typewriter may practise it. Further, there are so many books published each week during so brilliant a literary season that editors are forced to allow most of them to be dismissed in some such noncommittal manner.

Just what this manner is must be familiar to any newspaper reader. The review opens with the announcement that "Souls Aflame," by Sarah Anne Heartsblood, has just been published by Doubledecker's, Inc., price, $2.50. It goes on to plot the course of the story, if it is a novel, or to quote a poem, or to select a choice anecdote from a biography. Sometimes this is done so exhaustively, especially in the case of a novel, as to render a reading of the book in question almost unnecessary, and certainly unexciting. The plot told, this sort of critic ends with the heartening declaration that it "kept me up all night," or that it is "as fine a book as I've read in many a moon."

Such an account is hardly more than an advertisement, and we cannot, by any stretch of meaning, attach to its writer the term, "critic." It is, which is more to the point, an unnecessary and useless account. Every publishing house maintains a highly efficient staff which devotes itself to just the material included in these quasi-reviews. From their offices issues a constant flood of publicity material, advertisements, personal notes concerning authors and their works in progress, prices, publication dates, even plots. So adroit, indeed, is some of this work that it very often manages to attract public attention and buying to a book that is critically ignored, if not deplored. It is certainly an act of supererogation for a critic to devote space to any duplication of this material, and much of the public's disregard of book columns may be attributed to boredom with reading through a windy exposition of facts that are attractively condensed for them in the advertisements.

It would seem, then, that reporting cannot be considered the proper function of a reviewer. As a matter of fact, this sort of reviewing is largely confined to the newspapers, and we find, as we take up a weekly or a monthly, a more serious treatment and a more varied approach. Here we can expect that a book make some definite impact upon the critic, draw from him reaction and opinion. We come now upon our major difficulties. There can be no question that the majority of the more thoughtful reviewers are definitely bent upon setting down their impressions with as much of accuracy and honesty as possible, yet it is precisely that word, "impressions," which is at the root of whatever critical evils there be.

CRITICAL impressionism, which happens to be the most popular and most prevalent type of present-day criticism, has, of course, its familiar justifications. Periods of rigorous critical standards, memorable chiefly for their rejection and derision of such as Blake, Keats, Hardy, or our own Whitman and Crane, are generally followed by corresponding periods of great critical laxity, individualism, impressionism. Standards are thrown to the winds, and each man becomes an arbiter with the rest. Where, hitherto, new talents had been denounced because they were not like the old talents, we find old principles dispensed with because they are not new principles. This is a comprehensible situation and has had its great proponents.

PEERING down from whatever heights of detachment he now inhabits, the shade of Anatole France must draw but small comfort from the spectacle of this school of criticism which claims him as a patron saint. It must afford him a melancholy amusement to reflect that they have seized triumphantly upon that one sentence which he would like most, perhaps, to explain. "Criticism," wrote France, "is the adventure of the soul among the world's masterpieces." Certainly it is, affirms the admiring chorus, and they are off on their great adventure, browsing happily among their daily masterpieces. "But consider, *mes amis*," he would add, this melancholy shade, "What is a masterpiece?"

To adventure among masterpieces, one must have masterpieces. And to have masterpieces one must determine them from among the others that are not masterpieces. One must rule, and judge, and apply measures. There's the rub, and there is our old problem again, the eternal, ineluctable problem of literary criticism. It is this phase of the matter that is being completely ignored by the impressionist critics in their hue and cry after free, unharassed literary adventuring. They are prolific in enthusiasm, bursting with opinion, but totally lacking in any form of aesthetic analysis or considered reasoning. The basis of their judgment is pure, unhampered ego. They want it understood that they are telling you what they think, that what you are reading is a first-hand

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

impression, unimpaired by any such alien considerations as fidelity to form, literary antecedents or influences, intellectual considerations. "How does it make me feel?" is the major question in their minds, and it is the only question they attempt to answer.

I mean no imputation, here, of dishonesty in the critics' approach. They are the first to affirm their position as impressionists. Heywood Broun, the title of whose famous column, "It Seems to Me," might well be adopted as a modern critical credo, is the most influential, gifted, and outspoken of these critics, and he adds much of lustre and authority to their cause. Mr. Broun has often and vigorously affirmed just those tenets of the new critical faith which I have suggested: that there has been enough of theory and standard and logic, that there has been too much of authoritarianism and mustiness about criticism, that now is the time for a man to stand up and say what a book does to him. It sounds very honest and iconoclastic, but it happens that the results, while likely to prove entertaining, original, even inspired, are not likely to be good criticism.

If I may pause, for a moment, to introduce an analogy, it will be easier to make my point. We will imagine that a music critic takes his mother to a concert upon which he is to report. The artist, a pianist, enters upon a formidable program of pieces by Bach, Brahms, Schumann, Liszt, Scriabin and Medtner. Like the others, these two will sit, all attention, for the better part of two hours, applaud or not, and leave the concert hall full of what they have heard. Upon their way home the critic will question his mother (whom we will assume to be no student of musical theory or practise), concerning her impressions of the concert.

He will find, first, that certain portions of the program escaped her attention entirely; it might have been a Prelude and Fugue by Bach, or one of Scriabin's later Etudes, or almost certainly the piece by Medtner. This will not surprise him, since they require a certain equipment for their comprehension. But he will find a more important cleavage than that. It will become apparent that even their agreements are tentative, and based upon nothing more definite than emotionalism. Thus, she may say, of a Brahms Rhapsody, "It was so sad I couldn't help it, tears came to my eyes." Or, of the Schumann Fantasie, "It was wonderful, so strong and loud, and then soft and pleading—little shivers ran up and down my back—" Or, of a Liszt Etude, "Did you hear how fast he played? That must be a wonderful piece!"

Our critic will not be scornful or displeased. He will accept her descriptions as the best way she knows of explaining her reactions to stimuli beyond her knowledge. He will be glad that she likes what she likes, and will not quarrel with her reasons. Repairing, then, to his office, he will proceed with his criticism. He will write of lyricism, of delicate legato, of exquisite technical brilliance; he will analyze the pianist's attack, his interpretations, his capacities, digital and intellectual. It is possible that this man, too, felt tremors along his spine, or the urge to weep; but these things will not find their way into the report, for they have nothing to do with musical criticism. They will seem to him involuntary, personal reactions, with no bearing upon the essentials of critical evaluation. Imagine, if you can, his handing in a criticism that contains the following: "L—— was wonderful. I almost cried, and little shivers ran up and down my spine. And that man can play so fast!" The thing is impossible. It is not because the mother loves music less, but because the critic knows music better, that we regard his report with respect, and hers with tolerance.

The thing is impossible—but not in the world of books. For in that world, by some strange alchemy of reaction, the emotional ejaculations of the impressionable mother become the type of critical opinion. If we follow the premises of individualism in criticism, as outlined below, to their logical conclusion, we inevitably reach just such results as have been reached. Hear the reviewers, now, recording with great and dramatic fidelity all of the things that happen to them as they read their books: "I sat up all night and couldn't put it down." "There was a lump in my throat as I turned the last page." "This book makes thrills run up and down your spine, with the steady pound of sledge-hammer blows."

What of criticism? We are offered a great deal of interesting, sensational writing, hung upon some book or other, but having little or nothing to do with a serious examination of that book. I could fill pages with a catalogue of the deficiencies and omissions in this sort of writing. When Virginia Woolf's "Orlando" appeared, our impressionable critics were clearly out of their element and floundered helplessly about in a bog of adjectives. Few could discuss the book intelligently, and none really indicated its scope. Upton Sinclair's "Boston" was greeted either with sneers at the devil's advocate or with cheers for the disciple of Christ. Nowhere did I see an adequate evaluation of the book as literature. John Erskine was lauded to the skies for the brilliance of his new literary interpretations, and very quickly dropped when he failed to continue doing even newer things. Michael Arlen was, similarly, taken up for his most superficial gifts, his engaging wit and his facile style. He lingers now in the doldrums of critical neglect, although he is a better and maturer writer than he was. Ring Lardner had been writing great stuff for years before he was adopted by the literati and became a genius overnight.

During the month when a ridiculous hoax was being distributed as an authentic literary find, and shouted from the housetops by most of the critical fraternity, Henry Williamson's "Pathway," a genuine piece of distinguished writing, was making its slow, unheralded way, without benefit of criticism. Noted writers, English and American, vied with each other in their efforts to discover as many geniuses as possible within the calendar year, and the comparisons to Hardy, to Conrad, to Tolstoi, and, lately, to Hemingway, became monotonous and offensive in their repetitions. Every war book that appeared was better and greater than any war book that had thus far been written, the last word in drama, pity, terror, and the rest of the familiar attributes—until the next.

And what of criticism? From this verbal robustness, this joyful critics' holiday, nothing can emerge but an increasing sense of critical debility. The Victorians made their tens of blunders;

(Continued on Page 29)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jobs—for Men Only?

(Continued from Page 13)

versity and pursue the subjects she liked best.

"I tried to point out," she said, "that if such people as she, with so many opportunities, did not feel it was their duty to preserve the culture and refinement of the world and advance our arts and sciences no one else would."

When Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt was told of the preference that department stores and the better offices were showing for well-to-do girls, she said:

"It is wicked in a crisis like this for such girls to hold positions that less fortunate girls could fill. If the girl"—she was speaking of the girl from the better family—"goes into a business house with the idea of coming out on top, she has that right. Sometimes it is necessary for her to go through the mill as her brother does."

Mrs. Roosevelt, who teaches in a girl's school, is of the opinion that the private school might do a good deal to check the rich girl from invading the poor girl's world—by intelligent direction as to careers.

"The girls could well devote themselves," she said, "to a little vocational work. They should consider the reasons for work. They should have put before them the right type of things—just as many avenues as possible. That is the easiest way to correct the situation."

Miss van Kleeck speaks similarly.

"Women ought to be doing more unusual, more inventive things," she said. "They ought not to crowd out those having no economic foundation." The college girl who can afford to wait Miss van Kleeck advises never to stop short of a "hundred per cent preparation." Another voice counseling the humane point of view was heard by the senior girls of Barnard College last June, when Acting Dean George W. Mullins asked the graduates not to compete with the unemployed millions.

"WHAT are your needs?" he asked. "Is it necessary for you to be gainfully employed? If not, perhaps the greatest service that you can render to the community and to the nation at this time, when countless thousands are out of work, is to have the courage to refuse to work for gain, and to prolong your period of study with a view to better equipping yourself in a richer way for future work."

As we try to find a way out, a way to relieve the congestion which prevails in almost every field and makes the struggle for maintenance so intolerable to the self-respecting woman, we are forced almost to conclude—though it sounds like heresy in a country that has staked so much on education for the masses—that people are over-educated, or perhaps we should say mis-educated. Why are so many girls directed into business schools? Certainly many of the girls who are second generation immigrants or who come from homes with a background of physical labor are better prepared for semi-skilled tasks than stenographic duties. Such conclusions were borne home to me recently as I visited the plant of one of the largest pharmaceutical concerns in the country. There I saw girls engaged in work that ranged from testing of vials, capping of bottles and ampul filling to tasks requiring special training in the bacteriological department. One advantage in such work is that the girl who has a flair for supervisory direction has the opportunity of being promoted to an executive position.

So far as I know, no satisfactory study has been made which shows just how women's opportunities have been affected by the technological revolution thus far. Moreover, few are able to predict how activity in the various fields will develop—where the stress will fall as business recovers.

Those dealing with the employment problem deplore the fact that girls have so little chance to learn the real facts concerning occupational opportunities for women—not even college students in view of inadequate vocational guidance in higher institutions. One very practical suggestion is that some means be devised for making available to the public the information already at the disposal of the better class of placement bureaus for women. The Women's Bureau of the United States Labor Department, for instance, might coördinate its own data with that of outstanding agencies in key cities throughout the country, with the idea of broadcasting the pertinent facts of the employment situation for women.

In the final analysis, many of our attempts to aid women in the economic struggle must necessarily prove futile because of human inability to see the emerging economic system in its entirety and to know what is transitory and what is permanent. The crisis, however, has revealed the error in choosing a vocation on the ground of gain merely. The closing of doors in one traditional field after the other teaches that there is no guaranteed haven of refuge in the economic world. If woman follows man, she must deal with material exigencies that are ever changing—in other words live in a world of dangers and long chances. The best insurance for living wisely and bravely in this new rôle is for woman to follow in so far as she is able the path of her talent or talents rather than the way of quick or cheap gain.

This Week's Contributors

Edna C. McKnight was formerly on the staff of *Current History* magazine and now, in addition to her writing, conducts a radio period entitled "World Events" over station WOR, Newark, N. J. She has been an instructor in the University of Oregon and a newspaper reporter.

N. L. Rothman reviews books regularly for newspapers and magazines and is also writing his first novel. He was graduated from the College of the City of New York and took a post graduate course at Columbia University.

Miriam Allen de Ford is a newspaper reporter and writer of San Francisco, who is also the author of books on social subjects.

Else Torge Dougall is a newcomer to America who tells an autobiographical story in this issue. She wrote in Germany, where some of her relatives were authors, and now she hopes to establish herself as a writer in this country.

Penniless Lady Immigrants

(Continued from Page 15)

based on far greater financial resources. Though they may have been used to spend generously, they hardly ever did it without sound calculation. They have handled a manifold budget and are used to discriminate between the essential and the superfluous or nonsensical. They do not squander their few dollars on foolish purchases and worthless pleasures. What they want above all is decent living quarters, if only diminutive. Next to this they value an appearance which does not cast them out of cultured society. The pursuit of fashions with small means, by which even the poorest little girl seems to be obsessed, has to be given up for the sake of more durable clothes. Food has to be cut down to the most simple, necessary nourishment, wisely calculated, but without special enjoyments. Museums, libraries and lectures are visited more than movies. I am sure it would astonish many an expert economist to know how little these lady immigrants can live on. And this certainly is one usable heritage of bourgeois ancestry!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ The Spotlight on Sports ◀◀

▶▶*Eileen — The Electric*

MRS. Helen Wills Moody has gone through the formality of regaining the American tennis title which she resigned a year ago, but it was another youthful matron—Mrs. Eileen Bennett Whittingstall—who stole the Forest Hills Show.

Everybody expected Mrs. Moody to march through the field without losing a set. Her performance was "discounted" as Wall Street prophets say.

Nobody expected Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall to upset Miss Helen Jacobs and Miss Betty Nuthall on successive afternoons. That was news! The slim piquant English girl with the blond bob, the pert smile, and the patrician mouth which curves downwards a bit superciliously at the corners, made the British Wightman Cup Selection Committee look rather foolish by beating England's number one singles player as well as the second ranking American woman. The selectors, in case you've forgotten, relegated Mrs. Whittingstall to a doubles assignment. She wasn't rated good enough for the third string singles berth!

It isn't often that the prettiest girl in the field plays the most exciting tennis. Mrs. Whittingstall did just that. Her vibrant style matches her vivacious personality. Intensely feminine, despite the somewhat boyish contours of her trim, svelte figure and "sprinter's legs," the former Eileen Bennett has a masculine punch and verve to her game that takes your breath away.

Have you ever wondered why top flight women tennis players don't rush the net more? The answer is that most of them haven't the speed of foot or the deft wrist technic so vital to the volleyer. They would be beaten by the passing shots of any good feminine baseliner.

Mrs. Whittingstall is the exception. She plays tennis more like a man than do her contemporaries. I refer to tactics, not to sheer power of stroke. It is obvious that the English finalist doesn't get as much bite on her forehand drives as Mrs. Moody, Miss Nuthall or Miss Mudford do, but Mrs. Whittingstall is infinitely faster on her feet.

She covers court man style, coming to the net to deliver explosive smashes or trenchant volleys. Overhead, she puts the ball away with masculine finality. How she can punish a short toss! Those thin sinewy legs carry her from base line to barrier with a pantherish speed that seems incongruous in a woman. Once at the net, she whiplashes her volleys to the corners with that limber wrist flick which comes natural to the male which is seldom acquired by the daughters of Eve. Mrs. Whittingstall, one suspects, could make a snap throw, boy-fashion, on the baseball field.

Small wonder that this volatile young lady blazed her way into the hearts of a somewhat blasé Forest Hills audience. In Broadway parlance, "she got her stuff across." Her thunderclap smashes brought spectators to their feet, gasping. Mrs. Whittingstall radiates joyous exuberance, untrammeled abandon.

▶▶*Helen — The Inscrutable*

MRS. MOODY'S serenely delivered hammer blows inspire admiration but rarely enthusiasm. As coldly impersonal as a Greek goddess, she seems to stand in one spot on the baseline scourging those puny mortals who dare dispute her Olympian supremacy. Nothing human can disturb her Olympian poise, yet there is no venom in her ruthlessness unless you can conceive of a machine as being savage. Somehow you don't rave about a Robot.

Not since her pigtail days, I fancy, has the former Miss Wills been a public idol. When the bun replaced the braid, when the little girl of middy blouse memory was succeeded by the mature self-contained woman who cloaks her emotions beneath an inscrutable mask, mass adoration gave way to a kind of whispered reverence.

Last Sunday, the stadium crowd cheered louder for the challenger. Her game captivated the imagination while the champion's appealed to the brain.

▶▶*Little Brown Bottle*

"WONDER what's in the bottle," chirped smart young things in chiffon during the Nuthall-Whittingstall match. The bottle was small, brown and vaguely suggestive of more convivial days. It stood on the shelf beneath the umpire's chair. It belonged to Mrs. Whittingstall.

At intervals during that spirited match she would trudge wearily toward the sideline, pour herself a generous peg, down it in a gulp, and, obviously refreshed, press the attack with renewed vigor.

Tinkling titters ran through the gallery each time this pantomime was repeated. Thirsty onlookers smacked their lips lawlessly. "I'll bet it's right off the boat," ventured one flapper in a stage whisper. "Eileen must know the chief steward."

Alas for the Volstead baiters, Mrs. Whittingstall suffered from old-fashioned indigestion. The alluring brown bottle contained nothing more potent than rhubarb and soda.

▶▶*Ping Pong Perry*

FRED PERRY has been tamed at last after treating our Davis Cup representatives with scant respect. It took Ellsworth Vines, Jr., of Pasadena, to spank the presumptuous English youngster. Swagger Newport, its casino setting recalling the era when society editors covered tennis championships, was the scene of the chastisement.

Blistering pace linked to unusual accuracy proved the antidote for Perry's machine-like steadiness. Perry is primarily a "getter." Militant defense is the keynote of his game. As he himself admitted, "I can't win unless the other fellow makes errors."

Since tennis matches are lost rather than won, Perry's negative strategy is usually fruitful. His skill at retrieving potential placements, his knack of nourishing a rally until his rival misses, make him a demoralizing foe. It is like batting the ball against the side of a barn door.

In Vines, however, Perry met his master. The gaunt, uncouth Californian unleashed an attack of Tildenesque fury and finesse. He mixed crafty chops with flat drives which sizzled to the corners. He seized the initiative, dominating the net with deeply angled volleys. He personified Foch's motto "Toujours l'audace!"

Vines bears the indefinable yet unmistakable stamp of genius. His repertoire of strokes is varied, his use of spin canny; his tactics disconcertingly unorthodox. He shambles with the awkward

(Continued on Page 22)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Week in Business

Inching Along

BUSINESS last week held its ground and gained a little here and there. Steel showed some improvement, shoe manufacture proceeded briskly and the textiles continued their advance, with some of the worsted plants operating on 24-hour schedules.

Oil held its first-page position in the news, thanks to stirring developments in Texas and Oklahoma and active preparations for more mergers. Shutdowns enforced by martial law brought about substantial gains in crude oil prices, and bulk gasoline prices have also improved, especially in the mid-continent district.

Following the Socony-Vacuum consolidation come two more gigantic merger movements—Standard of California-New Jersey and the Sinclair lineup, including Tidewater, the two Prairie companies and Rio Grande. If these go through, the California-New Jersey combination will have combined assets of $2,400,000,000 and the Sinclair group in excess of $1,000,000,000.

Washington does not regard the Socony-Vacuum decision as a precedent. The Department of Justice will investigate the two new merger plans very carefully, but will probably give the present low price of petroleum due consideration in making its decision. Our forecast is that both mergers will go through after the usual period of wrangling.

Business Birth Control

MANUFACTURERS and wholesalers who analyze their annual losses from bad debts have discovered that failures are due, in a great many cases, to one of two reasons—either the wrong man was encouraged to open a retail store or a location was selected where success was virtually impossible.

Various plans for heading off these failures by a system of business birth control have been suggested. Some manufacturers and wholesalers favor licensing under state boards of control. One city, however, has worked out a solution of the problem which is worth the careful study of all who sell to retailers on credit terms.

Long Beach, California, is a city of about 142,000 people. With 401 grocery stores in operation, it has a ratio of one to each 329 of its population. The average for the entire country is 378. If you want to open a new grocery in Long Beach the bankers and wholesalers will tell you: "First see Mr. Taplin." Mr. Taplin, who heads the Long Beach Planning Survey, will ask you where you wish to locate and will then show you his maps. In all probability he will convince you that there are already too many groceries in that section.

On the face of it, this may look like unfair interference with the right of the individual to work out his own economic salvation. As a matter of fact, Mr. Taplin has probably rendered a real service to you and to those who might have backed you in an unsuccessful business venture.

New Orleans Fights Fire Waste

OUR indefensible habit of burning up half a billion dollars in valuable property every year will have a real setback if the cities located on our waterways follow the example of New Orleans, and minimize the fire hazards of the piers and other structures along their waterfronts.

Governor Huey P. Long of Louisiana recently went to New Orleans and in the presence of many port, city and state officials put into place the last sprinkler head of the world's largest automatic sprinkler system. The system has 118,000 heads, made of quartz, which is non-corrosive. These heads function in half the time required by the ordinary sprinkler head, and not only give the alarm to the nearest fire-fighting depot but either extinguish the fire or hold it in check until human aid arrives.

Such a system reduces insurance expense as well as fire loss. Rates on dock properties in New Orleans have been reduced from $1.04 to 28 cents per $100. The marine companies have also allowed a 10 per cent differential on account of the new equipment.

Protection of this kind is most important to communities where virtually the entire population is supported by port activities. If St. Johns, New Brunswick, had had it, that city would not have lost its piers, steamers, pilot boats, freight sheds and freight cars in a $10,000,000 fire.

How To Sell

H. K. NIXON of Columbia has joined the McGraw-Hill salesmanship nine, the batting order now being: Breyer, Casey, Copeland, Ivey, Nixon, Russell, Snow, Tosdal and White.

In *Principles of Selling* (McGraw-Hill, $2.50) Dr. Nixon takes the point of view that the key to successful selling is the salesman. This is not to say that he neglects the customer, without whose signature on the dotted line the sales contract is something less than perfect, but what gives flavor to the book is the author's constant aim to show the salesman how to develop and make the most of his own personal qualities.

Dr. Nixon offers nine principles of selling—adequate preparation; building acceptance; arousing the buying attitude; keeping the selling attitude; dramatization; favorable classification; conviction; removing sales obstacles; inducing decision and action.

This is one of the most readable books on selling we have seen. Dr. Nixon has a story to tell, and tells it most engagingly. He avoids "high-pressure selling" and other unsound methods, and sticks to basic principles of proved importance.

FRANK A. FALL.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) August 20—69.4. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) August 20—61.2.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended August 8—734,780 cars (reduction of 22,513 under preceding week and of 229,377 under same week of 1930).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended August 15—33% of capacity (increase of 1% over preceding week; reduction of 21.5% under same week of 1930).

Crude Oil Production Week ended August 15—daily average gross 2,498,500 barrels (reduction of 57,050 under preceding week; increase of 34,950 over same week of 1930).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended August 20—$6,909,149,000 (increase of 3.1% over preceding week; reduction of 18.6% under same week of 1930).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended August 20—444 (reduction of 7 under preceding week; increase of 8 over same week of 1930).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ The New Movies ◀◀

▶▶"*Bad Girl*"

LOVE—as a decent emotion—takes such a terrible beating from Hollywood day in, night out, that as simple and honest and exciting a movie as *Bad Girl* comes as a good deal of a surprise. Here is a story of two undistinguished young people, a radio mechanic and a shop girl, who fall in love, get married and have a baby—which holds your interest, your sympathy and your unswerving attention the whole while. The film owes its simplicity and honesty chiefly to director Frank Borzage and Sally Eilers and James Dunn, two practically unknown young actors, both of whom do extremely well. *Bad Girl* comes, of course, from Vina Delmar's novel, which it follows in all but one important detail. The suggestion that Dot and Eddie "do something about" their expected baby is omitted, as I suppose no censor would have passed it, although the novel sold in every drugstore in the land. *Bad Girl* is sensitive and tender and sentimental without ever being mawkish or untrue. It also has its share of all-American wisecracks, which makes it entirely a native product. A German or Russian film dealing with similar situations would have been gloomy, tragic and even morbid. Fox and Mr. Brazage have something to talk about.

▶▶"*Young as You Feel*"

Will Rogers—who gets better in every picture—achieves what is technically known as a personal triumph in *Young as You Feel*. As a whole the film is pretty commonplace, but whenever Will is on the screen things are fine. With a decent scenario and a few good players Mr. Rogers might make something really grand. As it is he is a set old widower with two grown sons who suddenly takes up with Fifi Dorsay. Being the U. S. A., this affair is, of course, as innocent as a cup of custard, and in the end she turns out to be just a nice, sweet girl and not a blackmailer. Nevertheless, Will Rogers takes this ancient story and, by means of something I am afraid I must call charm, makes it quite lively entertainment. Along the way the film stops off to ridicule "art" and reassure the movie audience that it's all a lot of nonsense, anyway.

▶▶"*The Squaw Man*"

For the third time Cecil B. DeMille has made a movie out of an old 1905 stage play, *The Squaw Man*—this time with Lupe Velez, Warner Baxter, Eleanor Boardman and Roland Young. If the earlier editions of this story were as dull as the present one I cannot understand why Mr. deMille has been so persistent about it. I suspect it all sounded more plausible in 1905. Lupe Velez plays the lead—a dull-witted little Indian girl who knows almost no English—and she plays it so well that I could hardly keep awake. The present *Squaw Man* is of course up to date in its appointments, but its "drammer" is hoary with age. The plot concerns a noble British officer who loves another's wife, but goes out to the wilds of the American West to forget. In time he marries an Indian girl and has a little boy. Then the English lady's husband dies and she comes to America to look for Mr. Baxter. When the little Indian girl sees her she realizes all and obligingly shoots herself. Miss Velez suggests *Madame Butterfly*, and the situation certainly has (or rather had) elements of drama. The trouble is that you can't get excited by people who send you into a deep sleep.

Worth Seeing

An American Tragedy: Disappointing film of Dreiser's novel—merely a routine murder trial movie.

Man in Possession: Gay light comedy with Robert Montgomery and Irene Purcell.

Miracle Woman: Barbara Stanwyck as a lady evangelist with sex appeal, brass bands and everything. Unusual.

Rebound: Donald Ogden Stewart's well-written dialogue and a fine performance by Ina Claire, but not much of a play.

Smart Money: Portrait of a professional gambler, well done by Edward G. Robinson.

Smiling Lieutenant: Maurice Chevalier makes love to Claudette Colbert and marries Miriam Hopkins.

Star Witness: An ordinary family sees a gang murder in front of the house—but is afraid to talk.

Transatlantic: Excitement aboard a big ocean liner. Edmund Lowe, Lois Moran, Greta Nissen and Myrna Loy.

In German

Die Lustigen Weiber von Wien: Charming and skilfully executed Viennese operetta—beautiful in every detail.

D. Zug 13 Hat Verspaetung: Wild-eyed melodrama including a train wreck, a fire, poisoned wine, murder, etc., etc. Amusing nonsense.

Die Privatsekretaerin: Sprightly comedy based on the old matter of the steno and her boss—but this time a farce. Fine if you know a little German.

Zwei Herzen im ¾ Takt: The first of the German musical film successes—ten months in New York.

▶▶"*Pardon Us*"

Laurel and Hardy, comedians by Royal Appointment to this department, are now to be seen in their first full-length film, *Pardon Us*. Metro made this film when *The Big House* was being shot, and used many of the same sets. Laurel and Hardy are sent to the penitentiary for making beer. Unwittingly they participate in a jail-break, and after a session in a cotton field disguised in blackface they are pardoned for thwarting a second jail-break. Some of their business is tremendously funny, and some of it is only moderately amusing, but all of it is way ahead of any other film comedy of this period.

▶▶"*Traveling Husbands*"

Because it actually represents with some color a certain phase of American life, *Traveling Husbands*, for all its sleaziness, is rather interesting. It deals, as you may guess, with the off-duty pastimes of traveling salesmen, but instead of showing them to be jolly good fellows it shows them up in a hard, cold light as a lot of cheap, noisy men. The action includes a shooting, a lot of gin and ginger ale, and true love in the person of one of the most obnoxious juveniles on the screen today. It's this sort of young man which drives American womanhood to be "misunderstood."

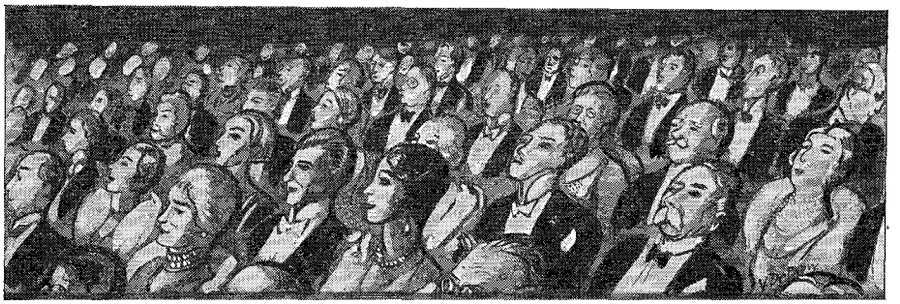
▶▶*Floyd Gibbons' Films*

The most vapid and meaningless words in the American language today are "pal" and "thrill," but neither Floyd Gibbons nor Pathé seem to be aware of this, for they are about to issue a dozen short pictures to be known as *Floyd Gibbons' Supreme Thrills*, the first of which, *Woodrow Wilson's Great Decision*, is a life of the War President from 1917 to his death, made up entirely of newsreels. During the showing of these invaluable pictures Mr. Gibbons delivers a breathless, mile-a-minute harangue dramatizing Mr. Wilson's life. I wish he wouldn't, and so will you.

CREIGHTON PEET.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Latest Plays



IT DOES seem a shame that even in the September 2nd issue there are no new offerings to write about. The supposedly sporting producers have not seen fit to give us a single new show these past five weeks. Granted that the weather in these parts *has* been hot, it has been hot in previous years, too. Mr. Belasco could always be counted on to open the season promptly in the first week in August, with, of late years, Jed Harris not far, if any, behind. But such reminiscences get us nowhere at the moment, so I guess I'll just have to tell about the miracle show at the Palace.

Once upon a time, and that not so long ago, the Palace was known as the "ace vaude house" in the country. Freely translated, that means that one could go there once a week in the confident expectation of seeing a darned good variety performance with practically all the acts new. Occasionally, of course, a particularly successful turn would be held over for a second, or even a third, week, but that was not the rule. Well, what has happened to all that now? The current bill at the Palace is in its sixth week intact, except for the substitution of Kate Smith for Ethel Merman, and it promises to run for some time hence. In other words, it is no longer vaudeville in at least one particular.

This phenomenon is viewed by me, at least, with mingled feelings. As that kind of show goes, it's a good one, although not as good as all that. Several of my pet points that I have held for years would seem to be proved—a musical show need not have elaborate scenery, undressed or dressed chorus girls in any profusion, or a book with a heroine, hero and menace. Give them something to laugh at and some good dancing and singing, don't charge them too much for it and you'll pack as many in as your theatre will hold. The Palace being a large theatre, the RKO people can get enough people in at a two-dollar top to be able to pay Lou Holtz, Kate Smith, Bill Gaxton, Lew Pollack and Lyda Roberti what they demand and thus keep them, as well as the audiences, happy. In this connection it will be most interesting to observe whether there are enough people with even three dollars who like the sort of thing Earl Carroll does to make his new theatre a paying venture. Mr. Carroll, I am convinced, is on the right track in reducing the price of a musical show by enlarging the theatre. The only trouble is that he stands for all the things a lot of people are relieved to find eliminated at the Palace. True, they are a long way from doing away with the "fairy" or "pansy" joke, as they not only dig up some of the oldest variations of it, but, at one time Mr. Holtz asks Mr. Gaxton why he is carrying on that way and is greeted with the reply, "It's a policy of the house."

However, that tendency and the excessively Hebraic character of the rest of the wit are all that I find wrong with the show. I like my Jewish quips in moderation, but the audiences at the Palace do not agree with me. However, as long as Kate Smith bellows, Lyda Roberti is cleverly and charmingly awkward and Holtz and Gaxton get in as many really penetrating gags as they do, I enjoy myself a lot and advise you to go and do likewise, cooling yourself in the refrigerating apparatus at the same time. What I want to know is where I am going to go and see a *different* good show every week now, and where I am going to see them so that when they finally appear in musical comedy I can superciliously say I knew them when.

OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

Recommended Current Shows

Gilbert & Sullivan Revivals: In their last week with *The Mikado*, which you might do far worse than to drop in on.

Grand Hotel: They don't seem to have any intention of taking this off. Why should they?

Once in a Lifetime: Last two weeks of the Hollywood *expose*.

Private Lives: Apparently you can even put Donald Brian into it or play it in German and call it *Intimitaten*.

The Band Wagon: Five stars, good tunes, beautiful scenery—in other words, a brilliant revue.

The Barretts of Wimpole Street: Somebody counted sixty-three standees watching Katharine Cornell in this the other night.

Third Little Show: A heaping platter-full of Beatrice Lillie.

Ziegfeld Follies: No hit songs, but otherwise quite up to specifications.

The Spotlight on Sports

(Continued from Page 19)

grace of a Fitzsimmons. He extemporizes maneuvers like a Capablanca, turning a defensive position into a tour de force.

Had Vines been named for the Davis Cup team in place of Sidney Wood, America might be the champion nation today. It's a cinch that he won't be overlooked next year.

Fred Perry, England's second stringer, was world's champion at ping pong before he ever held a tennis racket. His court technic reflects the influence of "table tennis." His forehand betrays the lifting wrist-flick typical of ping pong.

Royal Ace

THE Prince of Wales has scored his second hole in one. While a hole out from the tee is always tinged with luck, Windsor has developed into a better than average golfer since the day, ten years ago, when he flubbed his drive at St. Andrews before a skeptical Scotch gallery which had gathered to watch the heir apparent initiated as honorary captain of the Royal and Ancient golf club. Custom decrees that the royal novice must "play himself in" by driving from the first tee.

Wales muffed that ceremonious drive like the duffer he then was, but instruction from the best professionals plus the Prince's natural aptitude for sports has given him a workmanlike, if less than Vardonesque, swing.

Windsor's first hole in one was made last March at Santos, Brazil, while on his missionary trip through South America in behalf of British Trade. He was so delighted that he sent King George a three hundred word cable giving all the details.

His Royal Highness's second ace occurred at the 6th hole of the Wimbledon course, near London. This is a difficult par 3 of 220 yards. The Prince's plumb-line spoon shot trickled through the bottle neck entrance to the green and scuttled like a woodchuck for the hole. While luck may have guided the pill cupward, it takes a real golfer to lay a full spoon shot on a small green from a 200 yard range. His Highness has every right to feel set up about that ace. Too bad those St. Andrews skeptics weren't around to see Wales redeem himself so brilliantly.

I shall be surprised if Edward VIII (to be) doesn't some day wrest from dour James I of the Stuart dynasty the proud title of "best of the golfing Kings."

GEORGE TREVOR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ Ivory, Apes and Peacocks ◀◀

A MODERNISTIC radio cabinet that is convenient and usable is made by Philco under the name of Lazyboy. It is just the height of the arm of your easy chair, and the controls are recessed in the top, so that almost without moving you can reach out a hand and change stations, or turn it off. To us, that is the important point about any make of radio—the ease with which it can be turned off. We have a radio, and we use it, but we have to admit that while we sometimes get pleasure from turning it on, we always get pleasure from turning it off. Lots of times we just turn it on to have the fun of turning it off—of choking off the Blattworthy sisters in mid-caterwaul—of hearing the blessed silence rush back into a room that has been clamorous with the warblings of sopranos of the hot potato school, with the rantings of eighth rate actors and the wisecracks of twentieth rate humorists. Perhaps the chief benefit that the radio has brought most of us is an appreciation of the value of silence. Just as the automobile, and probably the airplane, will eventually teach us the value of staying in one place. But the radio we are looking for now is the one that will allow us to turn our neighbor's radio off.

▶▶ THE new Westinghouse Adjustomatic electric iron has a little lever on the top of the iron which can be adjusted with a touch of the finger to give whatever degree of heat is suited to the material you are ironing. There are twelve different heats available. With the iron is a new cord and plug, which are easier to detach and connect than the old type.

▶▶ THE Becky Porter Vegetable Dicer is simple and easy to take care of, and does its work effectively. One vertical stroke of the hand brings a row of stainless steel blades down on the unsuspecting vegetable, and cuts it into chips or dice. There are interchangeable sets of knives for cutting ½, ⅜ or ¼-inch cubes.

▶▶ WOULD a sun dial that goes bang! at noon interest you? This is a reproduction—which you can have made to order—of a rare antique Spanish dial, which consists of a magnifying glass placed at such an angle to a miniature brass cannon that the sun's rays ignite a fuse at 12 M.—said fuse being attached to cannon.

▶▶ AND how about a set of cellophane doilies that look like old lace, and can be wiped off with a damp cloth and used repeatedly? Come in several sizes—the smallest, eight in a box for 35 cents.

▶▶ AND then there's an electric clock with a spring which stores up enough power to run the clock without interruption for thirty minutes after the current is shut off by a storm, a blown-out fuse, or whatever else shuts off currents. When the current goes on again, the clock continues automatically to wind up the spring again as it ticks off the minutes.

▶▶ IF YOU'D like a lamp that keeps time, the What O'clock Lamp, with a bronze finish metal base, old-fashioned glass chimney, and hand-decorated parchment shade on which the clock face is painted, will fill the bill for you. The clock's in the shade, of course.

▶▶ SETS of interchangeable units for housing your clothes may be built up to suit your own requirements by getting first a base and outside casing into which the units fit, and then select drawers and slides of different sizes, cases with doors for hats, and so on. All these in natural finish wood at Bamberger's.

▶▶ WE HAVE seen an air-proof cedar chest, which has an air-tight spring lock, new type hinges, a rim of metal around the edge of the top, and the corners and bottom sealed with a flexible sealing compound—the whole blame thing guaranteed moth proof for five years.

On the other hand, if you'd rather let the moths get in the clothing first and then slaughter them, there's a round jigger that attaches to an electric outlet and holds a cake of some kind of chemical. Shut up the room or closet, attach jigger, go away for 24 hours—or wait outside the door if you'd rather—while the chemical burns, then come back, open up, and moths, eggs and larvae are all stretched out cold and stiff.

And then there's Reefer's No-Moth, a chemical-containing appliance that you hang on the baseboard of your clothes closet. Smells like cedar, but moths don't like it, and so they stay away.

W. R. BROOKS.

$5.00

SPECIAL OFFER

"Jubilee Collection"

Holland Bulbs

◆

BLUMENHOF

Hillegom, Holland

This firm is world-famous for its cultivation of brilliant flowers and its participation in the important flower exhibitions of Antwerp, London and Paris.

They offer a special "20 year Jubilee Collection" for only $5.00. Bulbs for flowers magnificent in colour and rich in fragrance. All colours: Brilliant reds, pure blues and violets, deep yellows and blacks, etc. The collection includes:

40 single tulips in 4 colours
40 double tulips in 4 colours
10 single hyacinths in 4 colours
10 double hyacinths in 4 colours (unique in colour and fragrance)
15 single narcissus in 4 colours
15 double narcissus in 4 colours
25 crocuses or "Winter-queens"
25 dutch iris
25 muscarius-flowers
30 snowdrops
10 madonna lilies
25 scilla siberia
50 prepared flower-ognons (for home cultivation, composed of hyacinths, tulips, narcissus and crocus)

◆

Complete instructions for simple planting with each order.

◆

Postage prepaid. Cash orders only. Single collection as listed above—$5.00. Double collection—$9.00. Special arrangements made with dealers.

FREE—With each order we will send free—10 Polo—negro "Kermisdroogbloesiers."

01

L. H. Straathof, Prop.
BLUMENHOF
Hillegom, Holland

Gentlemen:
Enclosed please find
$5.00 ☐ for one Jubilee collection
$9.00 ☐ for the double Jubilee collection
of your fine bulbs as listed above.

Name .....
Street .....
City .....
State .....U.S.A.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Epilogue to Civilization

WHILE attending recently a dinner party (fried chicken such as no New York chef has the magic to make) in a section of West Virginia that had just been visited by a tornado, I was asked, as Professor of German in the state university, to explain tornadoes, their origin and *modus operandi*. When I declined an explanation, on the ground that I had never specialized in rotary winds, I was set down, by the silence that ensued, as something of a nitwit. Had I been an anthropologist, I might have had an answer ready made. Witness George A. Dorsey, the first white man to whom Harvard gave a Ph. D. in anthropology. In his *Man's Own Show: Civilization* (Harper, $5), he explains everything. The implication back even of his occasional "I don't know" is that nobody else knows either. It is a one man symposium. And written as it is, with an air of assurance such as rarely finds expression even in this age of brass, it might well have been entitled, in keeping with its tone of finality, an epilogue to civilization.

Here is the thesis of the volume: During the last million years of history, and especially during the last 5935 years, man has been primarily a surly brute. He has flouted justice, feared truth, and played the Devil generally. The very roots of our present civilization not merely reach back into these bad years but are solidly grounded upon them. We have developed a marvelous material civilization, but in its spiritual, or higher aspects, it is so festered with evils that our sole hope lies in building up the home. This can be done only by eradicating all the superstitions that have come in through the church, by realizing that a real home is based upon sex, and by then letting the scientist find the cure for cancer, pneumonia, influenza, war, and the Holy Ghost.

This is such a brilliant book, and contains so much information and advice that I wager a prediction: It will be the last of its kind for the next thirty years. It is an outline of everything, with the editorials thrown in. And of this species of writing we have had enough until another series of inventions ushers in wholly new methods for the doing of work and the entertaining of the human family. The trouble is simply this: No one man can treat so many widely divergent themes as are treated between the two red lids of this weighty tome, with its 997 large pages.

Was George Dorsey then disingenuous? No. Being an anthropologist, he honestly deceived himself. And he has done one thing that will at least impress folks: He had the various chapters read by specialists. Well, any man who has ever engaged in this sort of thing knows how little comes from such reading. Specialists are busy reading their own manuscripts; and nothing looks so long as a manuscript sent in for diagnosis. Chapter II, for example, on language, was read by Dr. Edward Sapir of Yale. There is quite nothing in the chapter which an inquisitive sophomore could not get out of a single chapter by Otto Jespersen, who is not nearly so in love with words. And as to Dorsey's explanation of the origin of language, he should have known that years ago the French Academy decreed, while every *fauteil* was occupied, that it would, under no conditions or circumstances, listen to or even accept still another thesis explaining the origin of language. None got anywhere.

The sections that deal with matters beyond the present writer's ability to judge may be sound; but they are written in the style that sells the "March of Events" section of that New York daily which "has the largest evening circulation," and I frankly question them. Within my own field, I read (page 370) a statement about the Hittites that will make Dr. E. H. Sturtevant of Yale recoil; I read (417) a statement about the Goths in Italy that is savagely unfounded; I read (416) a statement about singing in the schools that will make Columbia forego her mortgages on Radio City and Wisconsin put in the younger La Follette as President; I read (370) "Shotwell thinks the Alexandrian Greeks responsible for the text of Homer." All honor, too, to Shotwell, but precisely on what authority, as a historian, would Professor Shotwell toss off any opinion on this subject? It is a matter of philology in its higher reaches and to such Shotwell could no more give a final answer than Einstein could tell why Bishop Cannon behaves like a human being. And all that is written on the Old and New Testaments and the enthronement of Christianity (pages 455-625), while admittedly clever and breathed upon with the very spirit of classic iconoclasm, makes about the same impression on me that would be made by the statement that it is foolish to go to Harvard because a bricklayer broke his neck while working on the Widener Library and the Overseers chiseled a contractor out of some good money while putting up the gates.

Dorsey's whole book is a long drawn out plea for the use of sense as opposed to imbecility, of sanitation as opposed to witchcraft, of bright brains as opposed to dumb tradition. This is fine, grand, noble. But the brain was apparently a bit overworked in this colossal task. The man died an hour after completing it.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

NOVALIS, that gifted German Romanticist whom Maeterlinck worships, once remarked that kings, like poets, are born, not made. When we read Grace

Most Discussed Books

Fiction

Shadows on the Rock, by Willa Cather: Knopf. A charming, sensitive picture of life in Quebec in the time of Frontenac. Reviewed August 5.

Brothers in the West, by Robert Raynolds: Harper. The Harper prize novel; reviewed in this issue.

A White Bird Flying, by Bess Streeter Aldrich: Appleton. The sequel to **A Lantern in Her Hand.** Reviewed August 26.

The Good Earth, by Pearl S. Buck: John Day. A simple and dignified story of a Chinese family and their devotion to the land. Reviewed March 18.

Devil's Due, by Phyllis Bottome: Houghton Mifflin. A ravishing countess and an unscrupulous nobleman play havoc with each other's life in a Tyrolean setting. Reviewed August 19.

Non-Fiction

Mexico: A Study of Two Americas, by Stuart Chase: Macmillan. A student of American civilization analyzes Mexico's. Reviewed August 12.

Washington Merry-Go-Round, Anonymous: Liveright; Official Washington irreverently and entertainingly exposed. Reviewed July 29.

Better Left Unsaid, by Daisy, Princess of Pless: Dutton. Intimate memoirs of European nobility by one of them. Reviewed July 8.

Living Philosophies, a symposium: Simon and Schuster. The personal credos of some of the world's foremost thinkers. Reviewed July 15.

The Mirrors of 1932, Anonymous: Brewer, Warren & Putnam. Reflections of the ten leading Presidential possibilities. Reviewed July 29.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

E. Thompson's *The Prince of Scandal* (Harper, $4), the story of George IV, his amours and his mistresses, we cannot refrain from congratulating ourselves on the fact that we make our Presidents, who must be thirty-six years of age at the completion of the making. Grant that unproved charges have been preferred against a few of our Chief Executives, even these have been paragons of virtue in comparison with that Prince of Wales who became King of England when George III died, a man without a mind. It is an almost unbelievable tale that Miss Thompson has told; and she has told it with very superior charm. If there is not a high-grade laugh on every page, the place of these is taken by a remark that will clutch the throat, even of men, though this is primarily a woman's book. The moral lesson to be derived from it is stupendous: the English system was wrong, George IV (1762-1830) was reared to laugh when his mother died, and if he played the king at cards he remarked that he would "play the lunatic." The allusion is to the mental derangement of his father, who indirectly manipulated the surrender at Yorktown. When told by his physician that more whiskey would ruin the coat of his stomach, he replied: "Then the waistcoat of my stomach will have to do the digesting." He never saw his royal wife, Caroline von Braunschweig, until she was presented to him in the home parlor. He took one look at her and then exclaimed to the sole witness, the Minister of State, "Good Lord, give me a bottle of brandy!" After being forced to suffer the pangs of death all during the Napoleonic wars, Caroline was tried and acquitted even before she testified: "I never committed adultery but once and that was when I married George IV." The allusion is to the fact that George IV was a plain bigamist, having previously entered into the unannulled marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert. It is simply a marvelous story. And the English are so charitable and sensible; for numerically IV is rather well up the line.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

"BROTHERS IN THE WEST," by Robert Raynolds (Harper, $2.50). This is the most original novel which your reviewer has read in years. There is an atmosphere of northern epic—Irish or Scandinavian folklore, perhaps—about it, and a quality of strangeness. The story is set in the West of America, and the seventies and eighties of the last century. But neither time nor place have any special meaning to it. One feels the West in it and one feels the past, but there is no history or geography there. The brothers are Charles and David. They wander free as the wind, catching women and rabbits with equal ease. They are bound together and bound up in one another in a brotherhood that is exalted, superhuman, heroic. As they wander they accumulate a company; Karin, whom they both love and whom David possesses, Jean Grosjean, the Frenchman from whom they have stolen her, a prairie orphan, two high-born Mexican girls, a priest, a derelict couple, a half-mad Scotchman who has killed his own son, a strange ill-assorted crew who follow them, awed and trustful. The brothers and their company found a patriarchal colony—(one thinks, here, of the Mormons) which is governed without any law but that of the forceful personalities of its two strange leaders. At last death takes Karin; and the brothers wander once more until, old men, they find the place where they were born, the goal of their wanderings.

The novel is not entirely successful. The strangeness of the brothers is felt by the reader but not quite their power. Karin, evidently intended to be the female complement of the brothers' maleness, is not completely achieved. Some of the secondary characters are too fully developed for the places they are intended to take and are dropped too suddenly from the scene. The dream atmosphere which builds up the ancient, heroic quality of the brothers is not compatible with the homely humor of some of the scenes or with the detail given to some of the minor stories.

There is material enough in the novel for two novels and of quite different types. The patriarchal theme and the brotherhood theme clash; and this reader, for one, found herself quite as much interested in the first as in the second. For that reason she thinks that Robert Raynolds, who has never before written a novel or any published book, is a great "find." His style is rather matter of fact in contrast with his strongly poetic theme and instinct. *Brothers in the West* is absorbing reading and well worth reading. It ranks with *The Grandmothers* and *The Dark Journey* among the Harper Prize Novels. Its very failures are due more to an exuberance of talent than to a lack of it, and if Raynolds is able to sustain his emotion, keep his originality and freedom, and achieve more perfect control he should do some very fine work. He has most of the qualities needed for the making of a fine romantic novelist.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

"SATURDAY NIGHT," by Thomas Moult (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). The late Arnold Bennett was right when

Home in New York

The Parkside, opposite Gramercy Park, is home to those who like charm and quiet, and smartness without sophistication. All rooms are single, cozy size bedrooms—with that inviting air of a guest room in a private house. A few connecting rooms. Roof terraces and pent-house solarium devoted exclusively to guests. A delightful dining room, where good food, skillfully cooked, is deftly served. Comfort, restfulness and modern convenience prevail. Centrally located, and *not* expensive.

Rooms $15.00 to $22.50 weekly
$2.50 to $3.50 daily
(Single rooms only)

The Parkside
Eighteen Gramercy Park
SOUTH
COR. E. 20th ST. and IRVING PLACE
New York
Gramercy 5-6000

Educational Opportunities

CHERRY LAWN SCHOOL

A Progressive Boarding School. Boys and girls, 10 to 18. Elementary, college preparatory. Large faculty, limited enrollment.
27 Acres, farm, lake, gymnasium, open-air classes and sleeping porches.
17th Year
September 23, 1931—June 18, 1932
Address the Registrar
GRACIE STREET DARIEN, CONN.

MITCHELL SCHOOL

Specializing in the education of boys 6 to 16. Staff of specialists. High standards of scholarship. Small classes. Personal attention.
20 miles from Boston. Wholesome Christian atmosphere. Healthful location. Spacious grounds. Complete modern equipment.
All athletic sports. Horsemanship.
Camp Skylark in Summer.
For catalog address
A. H. MITCHELL, Director,
Box A, Billerica, Mass.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST

A Boarding School for Girls

In the Country near Morristown. Under the care of the Sisters of St. John Baptist.
College Preparatory and General Courses. Music and Art.
Ample Grounds Outdoor Life
For catalog address
THE SISTER SUPERIOR,
Mendham, New Jersey

WESLEY COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

Fully Accredited. Thorough preparation for any college. Excellent Business, Music and Art Courses.
Modern Gymnasium, Swimming Pool and Athletic Field.
Endowment permits rate of $500. Co-educational.
CLARENCE A. SHORT, M. S., President,
Box T, Dover, Delaware

SCHOOL OF NURSING
of Yale University

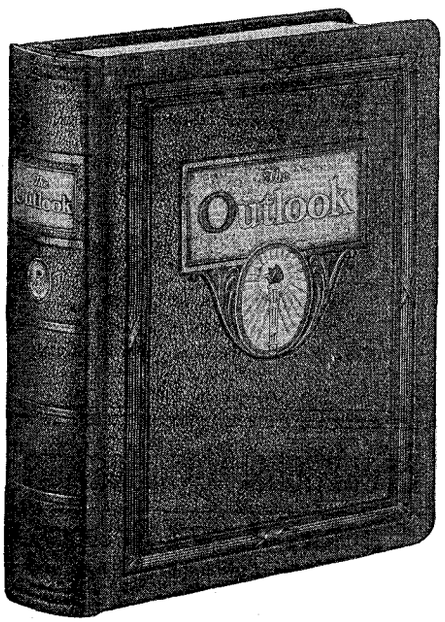
A Profession for the College Woman.
The thirty months' course, providing an intensive and varied experience through the case study method, leads to the degree of BACHELOR OF NURSING.
Two or more years of approved college work required for admission. A few scholarships available.
Address: THE DEAN, New Haven, Conn.

Write direct to any of these schools for more information. If you need further advice, write to Porter Sargent, 11 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

$3.15

Will bring you this binder



Made of dark green leatherette, strongly and durably built to hold 22 copies of the Outlook, this attractive binder enables you to have available for immediate reference the Outlook's account of the world's activities over a period of six months. The coupon below is for your convenience.

The Outlook Company
120 East 16th Street, New York

Gentlemen:

Please send me by parcel post, charges prepaid, my new Outlook Binder (to contain twenty-two numbers). I enclose $3.15 in full payment. If I am not thoroughly pleased I will return the binder at your expense and my money will be returned.

Name .....

Address .....

P. O. .....

If you prefer, pay $3.15 to the postman on delivery

he recognized in Mr. Moult's first novel, *Snows over Eden*, the precursor of stronger fiction work. Admittedly a disciple of Dickens, this author depicts London streets and their denizens quite with the Dickensian flavor. Its clerks, charwomen, fish-peddlers, cinemas, pubs, concert halls, its tragedies and comedies of human life, are all obviously true to the fact and vivid in coloring. We may warn the reader, however, that he will less like the earlier chapters and the conclusion than the main body of the novel—the first, because it overwhelms us with its terrible Cockney dialect; the second because its sickening and horrible murder is almost beyond the realm of fiction writing and affects one as would a newspaper story of a Jack the Ripper type. Apart from these faults, the book is excellent; it has humor and camera-like depiction, and it both moves and stirs us as we read.

R. D. Townsend.

The Week's Reading

"The Women in Wagner's Life," by Julius Kapp (Knopf, $4). There were only three women who really counted in Richard Wagner's life—his two wives (Minna Planer and Cosima Liszt) and Mathilde Wesendonk, whose highly respectable husband seems to have placidly regarded his wife's long unfaithfulness. Mathilde is said to have inspired the love music in *Tristan and Isolde*. Apart from these three, Wagner had fugitive and unimportant *liaisons*. Dr. Kapp has added to the early edition of this book extracts from heretofore unprinted letters mostly concerned with the temporary loves; they are neither important nor edifying. Cosima is the only woman whose name is indissolubly connected with Wagner's. All the world knows how she kept the banner of Wagner's genius to the fore for almost half a century after his death. She died in 1930 at the age of 93. There is nothing new, though much that is strange, about their early life—Cosima was the illegitimate daughter of Liszt and the wife of Hans von Buelow, who was impressario of both Liszt and Wagner. Cosima had a child by Wagner before the divorce, and Buelow seems to have been so eager in the cause of music that he was charged with being a complaisant husband. However that may be, one asks why tell the tale over again? The history of art, music and the drama in the middle of the last century is full of such stories. Wagner's fame is assured; why dig up all this dirt anew?

R. D. Townsend.

"The Colonel's Daughter," by Richard Aldington (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). "Why don't they turn the whole island into a 19th-century museum?" grumbles Mr. Aldington, dishing up a lusty epilogue to the England he roundly berates in his most recent novel. The Colonel's daughter, Georgie, puffy-cheeked, profoundly unaware, and blundering, plays hapless pivot to a tale of village life. For twenty-six years she has waited on the Colonel, watery-eyed relic of militarism, and on his wife, a sportin' woman who rode better to hounds in her salad days than now, on pension, she rides to market. Until the maid-of-all-work develops an indigestion which proves, after five months, to be gestation, Georgie has been spared the more fundamental aspects of life. But with Lizzie's disgrace, a strange curiosity begins to stir in Georgie's bosom. Neither cold splashings nor bicycling to town for a can of beans acts as panacea for the latent urge of her nature. So the book revolves around the quest of a penniless, unlovely, hidebound, but hopeful female for a husband. A terrorized gentleman of the cloth, a verbose sensualist, a toadying medico, and a young bull-calf from the Colonies all come under Georgie's inspection. This succession of possible victims gives Mr. Aldington scope for the juicy idiocies of the village. He lines up his characters and, with unerring instinct, selects their tenderest parts to poke. His satire, not sly or furtive, blows gustily along the pages. He patronizes the world he is describing unsparingly. But his anger is healthy and what makes the book irresistible is his underlying, unholy glee.

Virgilia Peterson Ross.

"The Virtuous Knight," by Robert Emmet Sherwood (Scribner's, $2.50). The author of that clever satirical play, *The Road to Rome*, has written another satire, this time in the form of a historical romance. The form frequently tempts satirists but is rarely successfully used. As the details of the historical picture pile up the satire wears thin. *The Virtuous Knight* is an English Crusader in the days of Richard and Saladin. He has all the quali-

---

The list of ten best-selling books printed on page 24 is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

Brentano's, *New York;* Scrantoms, Inc., *Rochester;* Korner & Wood, *Cleveland;* Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney, *St. Louis;* Kendrick Bellamy Co., *Denver;* Teolin Pillot Co., *Houston;* Paul Elder & Co., *San Francisco;* Norman Remington Co., *Baltimore;* Emery Bird Thayer, *Kansas City;* Miller's Book Store, *Atlanta;* Bullock's, *Los Angeles;* Stewart Kidd, *Cincinnati;* J. K. Gill Co., *Portland, Oregon;* John Wanamaker, *Philadelphia;* The Old Corner Book Store Inc., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fications of a perfect knight, but he will ask questions and he will examine his own motives until they become so blurred, under intensive scrutiny, that they cease to move. He is the man of action encumbered by brains. The theme is cleverly handled, the style easy and agreeable, and the historic detail and description are good. But the book falls between two stools and is neither very good historical romance—the satirist never being concerned to discover or convey the atmosphere of the period of which he writes—nor very good satire, since it is too slow moving and tenuous as a novel; as a play it would probably have been sharper and wittier. There is a great deal of acrid humor in the book but not much of the wit of *The Road to Rome*.

"ALBERT GROPE," by F. O. Mann (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). This novel is the September choice of the Book League of America. It is excellent imitation Dickens, minus the melodrama. Also, one must admit, minus the abiding magnetism of the Dickens characters. It is the story of a Cockney lad, son of a good Victorian charwoman, who makes a success of business but cannot learn his way about in the world. He is a touching and engaging character, and the odd people that he runs across in life, the absurd and pathetic things that he does fill up a longish book. As a novel, it is very leisurely reading, quaint, funny and soothing. Except for an occasional striving for effect in the handling of the freakish characters there is no sense of strain about the writing and the skilful handling of the prose is apt to slip by unnoticed. This novel should be read piecemeal and would lend itself to being read aloud. Many Dickens lovers will enjoy it. This particular one did, although she found it lacking in Dickensian gusto, and sometimes too obviously imitative.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

Behind the Blurbs

THOSE who sigh for the good old days when knights were bold may become somewhat reconciled to modern life if they will cast an eye over *The English Mediaeval Feast*[1], wherein is described the sort of dish that used to be set before a king. Sixteenth century table manners were none too good, but sixteenth century cookery was worse. The cook's aim seems to have been so to disguise the flavor of the chief ingredients of a dish as to make its contents unrecognizable. We have room for only one sample. "Take great oysters and shell them; and take the water of the oysters, and ale, and bread strained, and the water also, and put in a pot, and ginger, sugar, saffron, powdered pepper and salt, and let it boil well. Then put the oysters thereto, and serve it forth." The book contains a mass of information, much of it very interesting, on the foods and drinks that were available, the methods of preparing and serving them, and descriptions of many notable feasts taken from contemporary sources. ♣ ♣ ♣ When, in *The Penguin Pool Murder*[2], a dead man suddenly appeared in one of the tanks at the New York Aquarium, and was recognized through the glass by his wife, who was present with a boy friend, Inspector Piper felt that no further explanation was necessary. But Miss Withers, who was showing her class the wonders of the deep in that well-known institution at the time, thought differently. So she got a substitute to teach her class while she solved the mystery—and a very good job she made of it. Ingenious, and no more incredible than most. ♣ ♣ ♣ If you want to know exactly what the familiars did to 'em when they got them down in the dungeons of the Inquisition, read *The Pleasures of the Torture Chamber*[3], which contains a chapter on the practices of that institution. Other chapters deal with ingenious atrocities of all sorts, from the comparatively pleasant stocks, to the wheel, the stake and the cross. It is not a pleasant book, nor one that you will care to read through at one sitting, but it is complete and authoritative. ♣ ♣ ♣ What happened when private detective Race Williams fell afoul of the Gorgon brothers is told swiftly and to the accompaniment of an almost continuous rattle of pistol shots, in *The Third Murderer*[4]. Race's job would have been easier if he had been able to figure out whether The Girl With The Criminal Mind, otherwise known as "The Flame," was trying to put him on the spot, or trying to keep him off it. It wasn't until the Gorgons were finally subdued, and The Flame had fallen in flames at his feet, that he found out. The finale is quite satisfactory to all lovers of justice. ♣ ♣ ♣ *Tiger Valley*[5] is a fine adventure story, laid in the Siamese jungle, where Foster and Grainger, teak-wallahs in charge of adjoining sections of forest, not only admire the same girl, but hate the same tigress. They make a bet as to which kills her first—the tigress, not the girl—and their subsequent efforts to win, in a country so terrorized by the man eater and her mate as to be deserted by all the natives, makes a very exciting story—a story all the more vivid for the author's evident knowledge of the country. ♣ ♣ ♣ *Viennese Novelettes*[6], by Arthur Schnitzler, gathers under one cover *Fraulein Else, None But the Brave, Beatrice, Rhapsody* and *Daybreak*. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese, and with an excellent introduction by Dr. Otto Schinnerer, of Columbia. ♣ ♣ ♣ Mr. Barnwell was giving a party. But when Messrs Corlear, Willett and Harper arrived, he was quite alone except for a fatal wound in the back. How about that girl who was leaving when they came in? Harper chased her while the others stayed to admit the police, witness a second murder, and meet Lawyer Polhemus, who, while exploring the house, gets stabbed in the pantry. The subsequent activities of all these people make *The Penthouse Murders*[7] an amusing yarn, whose speed quite acceptably excuses the insufficiently motivated action.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. By William G. Mead: Houghton Mifflin, $5.00.
2. By Stuart Palmer: Brentano, $2.00.
3. By John Swain: Dial, $4.00.
4. By Carroll John Daly: Farrar & Rhinehart, $2.00.
5. By Reginald Campbell: Smith, $2.00.
6. Simon & Schuster, $3.50.
7. By Raymond Holden: Crime Club, $1.00.

Illustration by Harrison Cady for "American Songs for Children" (Macmillan)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music

Notable New Recordings

Some few columns back I seem to remember having noted in rather disparaging fashion the fact that Victor had employed the eminent American baritone, John Charles Thomas, to record *Home on the Range* and *Trees* as his initial efforts on their disks. I remarked that I preferred Vernon Dahlhart's unpretentious and more rhythmical version of the former and refrained from writing that, as for the latter, no matter how you slice it, etc. Well, picture my embarrassment on dropping into a place where they sell Victor records to find that the Victor Company had since designated that record as the "Record of the Month in the Field of Great Music"! Say! How do you think that makes me feel as a critic? The only consolation is that compositions by Tschaikowsky, Chopin and Brahms were on the same Victor list and that others in the past have been so misguided as to consider them pretty good composers too, even when played by Albert Coates and Ignace Jan Paderewski.

My favorite violinist, Bronislaw Huberman, has changed his recording allegiance and now appears on Columbia records in a brilliant version of Beethoven's *Kreutzer Sonata*[1] with Ignaz Friedman at the piano. Maybe there are some who prefer lushness in their violinists and "interpretation" in their pianists, but if you want to hear what the composer wrote played with taste, accuracy and purity of tone, let me commend you to this Huberman-Friedman album. The fact that Huberman is none too strong physically is all that keeps him from being known to a great many more people as the fine artist that he is. For this same reason I hope that he will make many more records so that by means of the phonograph his fame will continue to spread as it should. As to the *Kreutzer Sonata* it is surely unnecessary to say more than that the present rendition is all that it should be. Congratulations, Columbia, on a fine job!

O. C.-T.

1. Columbia Masterworks Album, No. 160.

▸▸ From the Life ◂◂

▸▸*The Top Flight*

ALL THE STAIRS went down. It seemed to him, when he was three years old and able to think about life, that this was the only thing he had known always—this and his mother's face. That was how the world began; himself, and his mother in a cloud of light on the very top step, dipping down—down—turning and floating—down—down—whirling, fluttering—down at last among the cushions of the baby carriage. That was life.

Later, he knew better about almost everything. The stairs went down but not as lightly as before. Sometimes he was caught up by the middle and suspended awkwardly above the great abyss; sometimes he was joggled and squeezed unpleasantly as they went down; sometimes his mother drew a sharp breath when they reached the bottom and dropped him upon his shocked feet with a cry of God! Such stairs. But soon she had him by the hand and they had plunged into the noise outside, where miraculously enough the baby carriage had dropped away from him the way his shoes fell off at night. He could almost hear the wheels rolling and clattering away among the bigger wheels and the sound almost filled him with pain. But he would only clutch his mother's hand the tighter, and run a little faster, taking four steps to her one instead of three, and that would make him strong again.

For now that he had learned to move about upon his feet instead of on wheels, he had become enormously strong. This in itself was a great excitement, but it was nothing to the excitements that followed. But the most staggering discovery was the stairs.

For the stairs went up as well as down. He tried it out first on his hands and knees, with his mother encouraging him from behind. Then he found that he could stand beside the stair rail and by closing his eyes tight and blowing out his face, could pull himself up—one—and—and one. By the time he was three he could climb them all; hundreds and thousands of them! And presently his mother never watched him even, but made her way up slowly in front, with all the bundles.

So it happened that he discovered for himself one day, the top flight.

He had become so strong that he never even noticed when he reached his own front door, which had blown shut in the wind. He went right on and was four steps high before his mother could put down the bundles on the kitchen table, open the door, and call him in a frightened voice. "Where are you? Where are you?—Never go up there!" she ended sharply as she caught sight of him and picked him off the stairs like a moth.

"Why?" he asked, struggling; and, on his feet again looking up into the darkness that almost hid a plain blank door, "What is it? What is up there?"

"Nothing," said his mother crossly. "There's nothing up there at all. That's why you mustn't go."

So he thought about it. When his own front door was open he would slip out a step and look, and think some more. Everything had always been down the stairs. What could possibly be up? Nobody ever came down those steps. Unless it was at night. He tried to picture it—a door—that went to no place. You turned the knob and opened it—and there was nothing. What was nothing? Was it the sky? Was it the dark? Was it a sound?

He learned the habit of running to the foot of the top flight and looking up, whenever his own door was open. That is how he came to notice one morning that the strange blank door, the big one at the top, was open.

It was open so little that scarcely a chink of light could be seen, but that thin strip of brightness cut the dark like a silver knife. It filled him with terror and hurt him in his throat, but he was up the stairs before he knew it. The heavy door shut behind him.

All day they looked for him. The neighbors, who knew the small figure by heart, ran to the park benches—looked along the river's edge—darted into shops and out again. A little boy had disappeared.

When the sky was turning dark and inscrutable and the lights of the city striking defiantly upwards, a tall policeman in a blue coat stood at the top of the last flight and pushed open a heavy door. Out of the darkness a small figure rose and came towards him, across the roof, slowly and with dignity.

"Well, what you been doing here?" asked the policeman.

But the little boy only lifted his eyes—eyes full of chimney stacks and stars, of loneliness and exaltation, of confidence and excitement—and looked at him. He would never again believe that story about nothing.

Ibby Hall.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Critics' Holiday

(Continued from Page 17)

these make their hundreds. We search for purpose, for function, and find only a great zest for describing personal symptoms and a pathetic eagerness to bask in the reflected light of personally discovered genius. It should be added, also, that the number of books published in this era of enthusiasm was equalled, almost, by the number of critics who sang their praises. Young men and women with facility in college composition crowded the ranks and prayed for a by-line. Novelists wrote best sellers and were immediately asked to review novels, although it is as fallacious to believe that a man who writes novels therefore can criticize them as it is to believe that a man who criticizes novels therefore can write better ones. Clever Broadway columnists offered authoritative opinions; play reviewers reviewed books on their days off. The bars were down, and every man spoke for himself.

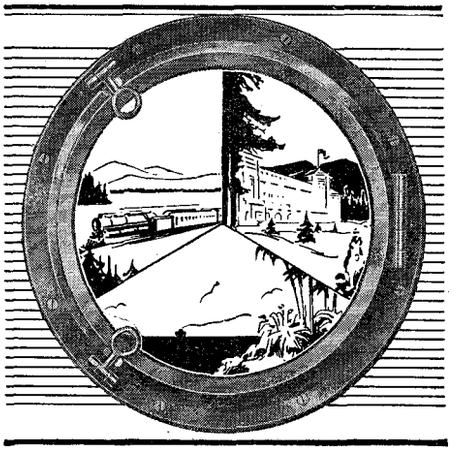
Having thus far avoided definitions and ideals, it seems necessary, now, to suggest what criticism might be. There can be no dogma about this. Definitions abound, and perhaps they are all unsatisfactory. Perhaps criticism is at best an imposition upon the individual's right to free choice. But since we begin with criticism as an existent factor in our intellectual scheme, consistently practised since Aristotle and certainly with unflagging vigor today, we may as well face the necessity for thinking systematically about it. I offer two opinions—one, the traditional definition of criticism, and the other, a modern version of its function. These do not necessarily collide. They seem to me complementary, narrow enough to affirm definite purpose, wide enough to allow for change in time and manners.

The late Edmund Gosse wrote: "It may be laid down as the definition of criticism in its pure sense, that it should consist in the application, in the most competent form, of the principles of literary composition." It goes without saying that critics will always differ about just what those principles are, but that only means a comfortable margin for difference and conjecture. This is not at all the same thing as denying the existence of principles. Just so long as there is some definite search for the elements of good writing, some looking backward and roundabout, instead of merely within, we shall have the essentials of careful criticism. Speaking of this, Mr. Gosse wrote further: "It is not his [the critic's] business crudely to pronounce a composition 'good' or 'bad'; he must be able to show why it is good and wherein it is bad; he must admire it with independence and blame with careful candor. He must above all be assiduous to escape from pompous generalizations, which conceal lack of thought under a flow of words." There is something startling and contemporary about these strictures. It is almost as though he had pointed them directly at the iniquities of modern reviewing.

The alternative definition I have in mind is not as directly stated but rises by implication out of an interesting situation. Miss Rebecca West is a literary critic well known on both sides of the Atlantic for her brilliance of perception and for her erudition. Miss West reviewed a book of essays by Dean Inge, and soon afterwards there came a letter from a reader expressing dissatisfaction with the review for a number of reasons with which we are not concerned. In her answer Miss West said: "It is true that I omitted to write a précis of the individual articles that compose 'Labels and Libels,' as it seems obvious that the readers have passed beyond the stage that requires that elementary kind of criticism, and are capable of appreciating a discussion of the whole intellectual attitude of a writer."

This puts another face on the matter, and a very plausible one. We have the right to assume that the public which reads not only books but articles about books is a public mentally equipped for adult discussion. Such a public need not be diverted with summaries and choice quotations, nor with colorful admonitions to read this or that. Such a public may be addressed without preliminaries and trusted with a full and thoughtful consideration of critical problems, of form, style, intellectual attitude, aesthetics, social implications. And I would add this, although it may not have been Miss West's purpose to suggest it: Such a public may even be inferred to have read the book in question, to have formed a preliminary opinion of its merits, and then the review may very well resolve itself into that sort of stimulating literary discussion which two well-read people may have over a recent volume of importance.

TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



JASPER PARK

A thousand miles of trails and a hundred miles of motor roads are to be found in this largest National Park on the Continent of North America. ¶ Swiss guides on call for mountain climbers, sure-footed ponies provided for trail use—these are indications of the character and size of Jasper Park, where the many glaciers and snow-capped peaks of the Canadian Rockies thrill adventurous hearts with an impulse to explore. ¶ Motor boats do their share in transporting groups of campers or more casual sightseers. ¶ Hunters, fishermen, golfers and riders are sure of their favorite pastime here, and those who seek calm and rest will find it also provided. ¶ For holiday information and plans consult Mrs. Kirkland, *Director*.

OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU

120 E. 16TH ST. NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Politics and the Mooney Case

(Continued from Page 11)

mutation of sentence, and the remaining sixteen were for immediate pardon of both prisoners. Now, I knew the papers which these men and women represented, and considerably more than four of those present came from papers unalterably opposed to pardon. In other words, several of the sixteen for pardon wrote anti-pardon stories because that was what their papers officially required to please their readers.

With such determined minority opposition, and an immeasurably more widely spread indifference, it will be seen that there is no popular compulsion upon the governor of California to induce him to release Mooney and Billings. Against this lack of motive may be balanced the strong counter-motive of gubernatorial ambition. Hiram Johnson was governor of California, and he became senator from California. "Why not I?" may be the thought of each successive governor—so far without success. I am not implying that any governor of California is or has been directly for sale. I do not mean that any big utility or industry can come to him and say, "Now, Governor, if you will keep Mooney and Billings in jail we'll help you become senator." I am not even implying that any big utility or industry would do or want to do such a thing. But politics moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform.

It must be understood in the first place that Mooney's only hope is an executive pardon. By a technicality of California law, he is denied a new trial, since new trials are granted only for error in conduct of a case, not for new testimony discovered after its close. Billings's situation is more complicated. Being a recidivist—he was previously convicted in another labor case, his friends say by an earlier frame-up—the governor cannot pardon him except by recommendation of the State Supreme Court. The court heard his first application for pardon early in July, 1930. It decided against him, with one dissenting vote by Justice Langdon, the majority report stating that the crucial testimony against him was that of John McDonald, that McDonald's subsequent recantation was considered valueless, and that he was now doubtless dead, and could not be found for further interrogation.

On the strength of this report, the Advisory Pardon Board decided also against Mooney, and Governor C. C. Young refused Mooney a pardon on July 8th, 1930. The Scripps papers then set about to find McDonald. They located him in Baltimore, and returned him to San Francisco. The Supreme Court, late in July, commenced another hearing of Billings's application, including a visit to Billings in Folsom Prison. It was probably the strangest hearing on record, with Supreme Court justices acting as virtual prosecutors, particularly Justices Preston and Richards. (California Supreme Court justices are elected, and Preston and Shenk were reelected without opposition the following November.) On December 1st, 1930, the court once more refused to recommend a pardon for Billings, Justice Langdon again strongly dissenting.

All, therefore, that any governor can do is to pardon Mooney; but with Mooney free there would be a strong probability of changing the minds of even the most determined Supreme Court about Billings. It is for this reason that appeals to the governor take always the primary form of applications for the release of Mooney alone.

When the Preparedness Day explosion occurred, Hiram Johnson was governor of California. He had reason to dislike Mooney, largely because of an indiscreet letter Mooney wrote him in regard to the Ford and Suhr case (the Wheatland hop riot); and though he was a liberal and progressive he refused to take action. In 1917 he became senator, and the lieutenant-governor, William D. Stephens, also a liberal, became governor; he was reëlected in 1919 and served till 1923. During his administration the United States entered the War. In the Russian Revolution (so devious are the ramifications of this famous case), demonstrators before the American Embassy in Leningrad—then Petrograd—called for the release of "Muni." President Wilson wrote to Governor Stephens pleading for a new trial for Mooney, or at least for commutation of his death sentence to life imprisonment. Stephens took the latter action, but did nothing more.

He was followed by Friend W. Richardson, who served until 1927. In spite of his given name and his Quaker religion, Richardson was one of the most "hard-boiled" governors California ever had. His nature may be indicated by a remark he made in a murder case that he wished the defendant "could be hanged twice." Naturally, he let the Mooney and Billings case severely alone. In 1927 he was succeeded by a sort of half-liberal, Clement C. Young. Young had pledged himself before election to consider the case; he managed to defer and postpone "studying" a case all the records of which were clear and at his disposal, until the Supreme Court and the Advisory Board gave him an "out" in July, 1930. By December, when the second decision came, he did not need to say anything further, for by that time he had been defeated for reëlection by James Rolph, Jr., the mayor of San Francisco. It is worth noting that no governor of California has been reëlected since Stephens.

Rolph, to those interested in the release of Mooney and Billings, is an enigma. He is personally a most likable and well-intentioned man, known by the affectionate nickname of "Sunny Jim." But he was mayor of San Francisco when the explosion occurred; he was even leading a division of the parade at that very moment—though one far removed from the scene of the crime. He has shown, in the past, an ardent desire not to be mixed up in the case, which only recently he evidenced again. Also, like most governors, he is ambitious. The great question is—what is he ambitious to be?

Hiram Johnson's term as senator does not expire until 1935, but that of the other senator from California, Samuel M. Shortridge, expires in 1933. If Rolph wants to succeed him, he would be ill advised to pardon Mooney. He would have against him not only newspapers normally his, and all the bitter group of anti-Mooney die-hards, but also—and more important—the industrialists and enemies of organized labor and their powerful associations. To quote Adamic once more:

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of August 29, 1951

Ino San, who described himself as a tourist from Yokohama, was arrested Monday in Central Park, New York, charged with taking a photographic snapshot of the Arsenal Police Station. He was held in $50,000 bail pending examination by representatives of the State and War Departments.

The 143rd separate report of the Wickersham Committee, scheduled for publication September 20, 1951, will be entitled "The Cross Word Puzzle as a Cause of Crime." The report describes conditions in various sections of the country, but suggests no remedy.

President Day of the Arctic Grazing & Musk-ox Hide Tanning Corporation announced that the usual bonus for consistent service during the past fiscal year would be paid to the corporation's autogiro pilot-herdsmen.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Between 1920 and 1930 numerous eastern industrialists started plants in California upon the assurances of civic and business leaders in the state that the open-shop status would be maintained in the future. The "big fellows" in such organizations as the local Chambers of Commerce, the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association, and the Better America Federation, whose economic and political potency is enormous, not only in the state but nationally, are determined to maintain that status. In sending out circulars to large manufacturers in the East, inviting them to bring their industries to California, they stress the fact that in their communities "labor is unorganized, cheap." And Mooney and Billings in prison are living advertisements of the California boosters' determination to keep California open-shop.

Under such circumstances, any governor of California who would pardon Thomas J. Mooney, or even commute his sentence, would be committing political suicide, so far as senatorial aspirations were concerned. But it is more than possible that Governor Rolph has another bee in his bonnet. He has been mentioned rather often in the West as a possible candidate for the vice-presidency, usually with Dwight W. Morrow as presidential candidate. As a *national* candidate, his record of having pardoned Mooney after four governors had refused would be a good drawing card; the amount of harm it would do him in some quarters would be more than overcome by the good it would do him in others. This is by no means true if his appeal is to be made merely to the state, as a senatorial candidate.

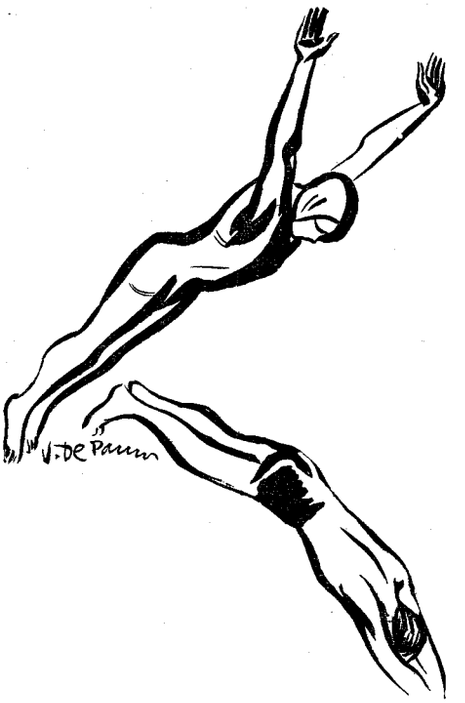
Thus, strange as it may seem, and all forthcoming appeals and resolutions to the contrary notwithstanding, the fate of Mooney and Billings may rest very largely with the Republican national convention next year. Rolph's chances for nomination as vice-president seem very slim today; and he may well decide that they are almost *nil*. With President Hoover renominated, Rolph has not a chance, for there is no possibility of two Californians on the same ticket.

There remains one reason—less cogent than popular feeling or gubernatorial ambitions, but still sufficiently operative—why Mooney and Billings remain in jail. It lies in the history and temperaments of the two men, and especially of Mooney. There is no use in blinking the fact that both Mooney and Billings have a long and unsavory record as "direct actionists" on behalf of unionized labor. Billings's very alibi depends on his confession that instead of helping to plant a bomb on July 22, 1916, he was busy elsewhere in the city throwing acid on "scab-painted" automobiles—in other words, committing sabotage. Moreover, burglars' tools were found in his possession, and he did not deny knowledge of their use. It is hard for the average citizen to free himself of the prejudice such facts arouse, and to consider fairly whether such a man was unjustly convicted of any crime whatsoever.

As for Mooney, though he has no "bad record" outside of labor cases, he was for years prominent as an outspoken and rather reckless agitator and propagandist. He had been tried for dynamiting property of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, and though he was acquitted there were many who believed that he was guilty. He had left the temperate Socialist Party, with which he had been affiliated, and was consorting with anarchists of the Goldman-Berkman group. These things did not endear him to the utility corporations or to conservative California citizens generally. It was a foredoomed conclusion that the first opportunity would find Tom Mooney the victim of a frame-up. His labor record was a powerful cause for the acceptance by the jury of perjured testimony and not testimony tending to establish his alibi.

It may as well be admitted that Mooney is not a gentle, tolerant saint. I have been rather amused to find that people outside of California, who are indignant at the injustice done him, picture him as a mild-eyed martyr. Mooney is an aggressive, stubborn fighter; a sensitive, self-willed, touchy individual, not broken but embittered. He does not conciliate either friends or enemies, he is quick to feel resentment, and he is determined to run his own defense, regardless of the limitations to his power or his knowledge of the current situation. (California prisoners, for instance, are never allowed to see any newspapers published in the state.) He has alienated many who were heartily for him, and he makes it difficult to use diplomacy in his behalf.

But what does it matter whether Mooney and Billings are amiable Sunday School lads or not? The fact remains that they did not set the bomb which caused the Preparedness Day explosion; that they were convicted by deliberately perjured evidence; and that they have suffered an injustice. Parole they will not accept, since the parole application implies confession of guilt, and they are innocent. Here, however, are reasons why they are not released—and why, perhaps, they never will be.



Take the Outlook with you . . . .

••

No need to be out of touch merely because you are away. It is quite a simple matter to have the Outlook come to you whether you have selected as a summer hideaway your favorite swimming hole or "the farthest corners of the utmost sea." The coupon below is for your convenience.

Be sure to send in your new address early. Notice of change affects third issue after date of notification.

••

OUTLOOK and INDEPENDENT
120 East 16th St., New York City

DEAR SIRS:
My present address is: .....

.....

.....

Beginning (date) ..... *change to*

.....

.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outlook and Independent Classified Section

The rate for Classified Advertisements is 60c a line, minimum 4 lines. "Help and Situations Wanted" advertisements 10c a word and 25c charge for box number. Material should be in this office 13 days prior to publication date of issue in which advertisement is to appear.

For further information write The Outlook Co., 120 East 16th St., New York City

HOTELS AND RESORTS

Florida

Come to Hawthorne, Fla.

This Season

Good hunting and fishing of all kinds. Excellent guides, dogs and good eats. Reasonable rates—by week, month or season

Stop at
HAWTHORNE HOTEL, Hawthorne, Fla.
Hunting and Fishing Lodge
Season opens Nov. 20, 1931
Make Reservations Early

Massachusetts

BOSTON

FOR modern travelers by air, rail or highway, here's a cordial welcome and complete hotel service. Wide variety of restaurants. Room with bath—single $3-$5. *Double* $4-$8. Garage service.

HOTEL LENOX
HOTEL BRUNSWICK
Boylston St. on either side of Copley Sq.
HOTEL BRADFORD
Tremont St. near Boston Common
L. C. PRIOR MANAGEMENT

New York

FENTON HOUSE AND COTTAGES
Adirondacks, altitude 1571. Noted place for rest and health. Own dairy and vegetable garden. Write for particulars. C. Fenton Parker, Number Four, N. Y.

HOTEL LENOX, North St., west of Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. Superior accommodations. Good meals. Write direct or *Outlook* Travel Bureau for rates, details, bookings.

New York City

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq. New York City
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, MANAGER

Classified Advertiser

"We have always considered the OUTLOOK a very satisfactory medium for advertising and have been pleased with the people whose advertisements we have answered as well as with those who have answered ours."

E. C. B.

Letters like the one above from people who have used the Classified Advertising Columns of Outlook are its best recommendation.

HOTELS AND RESORTS

South Carolina

Pine Ridge Camp Actually Mid the Pines. Ideal place for outdoor life in winter. Main house and cabins with sleeping porches. Modern improvements. Pure water. Electric lights. Excellent table. Rates moderate. Open all year. Write MISS SANBORN, Aiken, S. C.

REAL ESTATE

Maine

FRIENDSHIP—Summer home, 7 rooms, modern appointments; 1 acre land; 150 feet ocean frontage. Sacrifice sale. MAINE LAKES & COAST COMPANY, Portland, Maine.

BOARD

Would you like to have your child spend the Winter in Florida? Home life amid beautiful surroundings. References given and required. Box A7, Outlook and Independent.

COUPLE OWNING COMFORTABLE, WELL HEATED HOME, best location residential town, can accommodate two people with rooms and board. Home cooking. Knowledge of special diets. Fine opportunity for convalescents or elderly people. Easy commuting. STRAN, P. O. Box 67, Oradell, N. J.

HIGH QUALITY ROOMS, BOARD, for few elderly adults. "Beautiful village." Elevation 700 feet, overlooking hills, valleys. $25 week. Box 15, Hampton, Conn.

HELP WANTED

POSITIONS on Ocean Liners; Experience unnecessary. List of positions free. E. ARCULUS, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

SITUATIONS WANTED

TUTOR wishes position. Box 9746, Outlook and Independent.

CULTURED WOMAN (widow), pleasant, cheerful disposition, desires position as companion. Present residence in Maine. Will travel. Position with elderly couple in their own home preferred. Exceptional references. Box A 5, Outlook and Independent.

COLLEGE WOMAN desires position as visiting secretary. Experienced shopper, reader, chauffeur. Box A 19, Outlook and Independent.

HOUSEKEEPER, A-1 Reference. Box A 23, Outlook and Independent.

VERMONT BORN AND RAISED woman with training and experience desires position as Housekeeper or Companion in adult family. *Excellent references. Ruth Gates,* Barnet, Vermont.

WANTED—Position as companion. Experienced in nursing and traveling, can drive autos. References exchanged. Box A 25, Outlook and Independent.

TYPING OR ADDRESSING Wanted piece work for evenings at home (New York). Typing, addressing, filing or organizing lists, etc. Detailed assistance of any kind at reasonable rates. Will supply references. Box A29, Outlook and Independent.

MISCELLANEOUS

POEM "IF"—by Rudyard Kipling. Printed on beautiful card. Decorative; suitable for framing. 25c each. 1445 Outlook and Independent.

PUZZLE PARTY CARDS—"Pencil Biter" 12 Cross Word Puzzle blanks and key card. 25c per set. 1447 Outlook and Independent.

MART OF THE UNUSUAL

YOUR COMPLETE PERSONAL HOROSCOPE calculated by one of the foremost American astrologers (graduate engineer and mathematician.) A highly scientific, practical, individual and confidential Astrological Service touching all angles of the personal life. When writing for terms send date and place of birth for brief personal survey. Positively no obligation. ROSS PATTERSON, Rockport, Knox County, Maine.

BOOKS

CURIOUS BOOKS
The largest publishers of PRIVATELY PRINTED literature in the United States invite you to send for their free catalogue of limited and unexpurgated editions on Curiosa and Esoterica. THE PANURGE EDITIONS, 98 Fifth Avenue, New York.

WRITERS—Send without obligation for free booklet HOW TO WRITE FOR THE TALKIES by famous authorities. Daniel O'Malley Co., Inc., 1776-O Broadway, New York.

We Can Get that Book for You

If your bookseller is unable to supply you with books mentioned in the Book Review pages of OUTLOOK, or in Frank A. Fall's weekly business column, or in any other part of the magazine, write to this service for information about purchasing the books. Your inquiries will be forwarded to the nearest bookstore.

OUTLOOK READERS' SERVICE
120 East 16th Street New York

CONDITIONS OF THE REMARKABLE REMARKS CONTEST

☆☆☆☆☆☆

For the best Remarkable Remarks contributed by Outlook readers the Outlook will award weekly prizes of $5 for the one judged best, and $2 each for as many more as may be adjudged worthy of inclusion in the *column*.

Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the *page upon which the Remarkable Remark* is to be found, must be submitted.

All Remarkable Remarks must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why the contributor considers the contributed remark remarkable.

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged worthy of any prize, the contributor whose Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

The editors of the Outlook are the sole judges of the contest and are ineligible to compete. All contributions should be sent *to the Remarkable Remarks Editor*.

Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau

offers a personal and free service to all of the Outlook and Independent's readers. We invite you to write us your travel plans and problems, so that you may avail yourself of our well-organized service for this country and Europe.

CRUISES

Both Round The World and Mediterranean Cruises are reasonably priced this year, and offer unusually interesting itineraries. Also South America, West Indies, and California via Panama Canal are mapped out in well-built schedules. We will be glad to offer interesting literature and further details on any of these tours.

LOCAL TRIPS

Our own country is crowded with worth-while trips by motor, coastwise steamer, or railroad. For plans for your next trip write to

Director
MRS. KIRKLAND

Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau

120 East 16th Street, New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED